



The Treasury of Musick:

CONTAINING

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED

By M^r HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty
in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

In Three Books.



L O N D O N,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very foul) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Muscicall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testify my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endeavor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage, which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical TABLE of the AYRES and DIALOGUES in this BOOK.

A	A	A	A
About the sweet bag of a Bee	3	How cool and temperate am I grown	42
As I walkt forth one Summers day	13	How am I chang'd from what I was	58
Amor merere ched' amor merere	15	How happy art thou and I	58
Amidst the Miriles as I walkt	19	I	
A Willow Garland thou dost send	19	In vain fair Cloris you design	9
A Lover once I did espy	25	If the quick spirit of your eye	18
Ambitious Love farewell	32	I love thee for thy fickleness	22
Ask me why I send you here	50	I do confesse thou art smooth and fair	24
		I prethee turn that face away	29
B		I can love for an houre	37
Bring back my Comfort	6	I am confirm'd a woman can	38
Birds but live, and I will live	30	In faith I cannot keep my sheep	42
Bright Aurelia I do owe	30	I wish no more thou shouldst love me	48
By all the glories willingly I go	45	I love a Lass but cannot show it	55
Beauty and Love once fell at odds	55	I will not trust thy tempting Graces	56
Brightest, since your pursuing eye	64	L	
		Like Hermit poore in penitence place	1
C		Love I must tell thee I no longer	12
Come Lovers all to me	2	Ladies you that seem so nice and cold	10
Catch me a Star that's falling	11	Let longing Lovers sit and pine	21
Come noble Nymphs do not hide	14	Ladies fly from Loves smooth Tales	31
Come from the Dungeon to the Throne	26	Lay that füllens Garland by thee	33
Come my Sweet while every strain	26	Little love serves my turn	35
Come Cloris leave thy wandering	31	Let not thy Beauty make thee proud	54
Change Platonicke, change for shame	34	M	
Come Adonis come away	37	Mistake me not, I am as cold as hee	10
Come lovely Phillis since it thy will is	51	Mans life is but vaine, for 'tis	62
Cloris farewell I now must go	51	N	
Cloris false love made Cloris weep	52	No more blind Boy, for see my heart	7
Come O come, I brook no stay	55	No, no, Fair Hereticke	46
Conbelic gella de cretezza	67	No, no, I never was in love	65
		O	
D		Of thee kind Boy I ask no Red or White	43
Dear leave thy home and come	23	P	
Do st see how unregarded now	63	Phyllis why should we delay	17
F		S	
Fuggi Fuggi da lieti amanti	15	She that loves me for my selfe	2
Fain would I Cloris ere I dy	39	Stay, stay, O stay, that heart I won	5
Fain would I Cloris whom my heart	47	See see, how careless men are grown of late	36
Fain be no longer coy	56	Silly heart forbear, those are murdering eyes	57
From hunger and cold	64	Since love hath in thine and mine eye	59
G		T	
Go and bespide the southern wind	44	Take, O take those lips away	1
Go little winged Archer and convey	50	'Tis not in th power for all thy scorn	10
H		Thou art not fair for all thy Red	16
He that will love must be my Scholar	8	Take heed fair Cloris how you come	21
He that loves a Rosie cheek	23		21
How long shall I a Martyr be	40		21

An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Dialogues.

Tell me not I my time mispend	22	W	
To love thee without flattery	28	Wake my Adonis, do not dye	4
Tell me ye wandering Spirits of the Ayre	41	Why dearest should you weep	6
Tell not I dy, or that I live by thee	49	Why should thou swear I am forsworn	16
Tell me no more her eyes are like	57	Whilst I listen to thy voyce Cloris	25
'Tis wine that inspires	65	Wer's thou yet fairer then thou art	27
		What means this strangeness now of late	48
V		When Cælia I intend to flatter you	58
Pictorious Beauty though your eyes	20		
Victoria, Victoria il micoræ	66		

The TABLE of the Second Part of this Book, being Dialogues for Two Voyces.

I Prethee keep my Sheep for me	A Dialogue between Phyllis and Clorillo by M. Lanear	68
Dear Sylvia let thy Thurlis know	A Dialogue between Sylvia and Thurlis	70
Did you not once Lucinda love	A Dialogue between a Shepherd & Lucinda by D. Colman	72
Come my Daphne come away	A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon	74
Forbear fond Swain I cannot love	A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Shepherdess	75
Tell me Shepherd dost thou love	A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Nymph	77
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay	A Dialogue between Strephon and Phyllis	78
Vulcan, O Vulcan my Love	A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan	79
Charon, O Gentle Charon	A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel	80
Thurlis kind Swain come near	A Dialogue between Thurlis and Damon	82

A TABLE of the GLEES and Songs for Two Voyces.

To Bacchus we to Bacchus sing	84	Fly Boys, fly Boy to the Cellars bottom	90
Bring out the cold Chaine	86	See, see the Bright Lights shine	110
He that a Tinker, a Tinker will be	88	Turn Amarillis to thy Swain	112

The TABLE of the Third Part of this Book, being Songs or Ballads for Three Voyces.

I Wish no more thou shouldst love me	91	O my Clarissa thou cruel fair	100
Though I am young and cannot tell	92	Gather your Rose Buds	101
Come Cloris bid me to the Bowers	93	Fear not Dear Love that I reveal	102
When Troy Town for ten years	94	Fine young Folly though you were	103
From the fair Lavinian shore	95	Sing fair Clorinda whilst you may	104
Where the Bees suck there suck I	96	Smiths are good fellows	106
When love with unconfined wings	97	Musick thou Queen of souls	108
Do not fear to put thy feet	98	Now we are met less merry be	114
In the merry Month of May	99		

ADVERTISEMENT.

GENIOUS Sirs,
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the
Folia from 52 to 62 are mislaid by the Printer: As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they
are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the Judicious to mend with their Pen.

A Catalogue of **MUSIC** Books sold by *John Playford*
at his Shop in the *Temple*.

Books for Vocal Music.

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesty's Chapel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilton, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.*
8. *Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, viz. his First Book fol. Printed 1653. his Second Book fol. Printed 1655. his Third Book fol. Printed 1658.*
9. *Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.*
10. *A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descanting or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.*

Books for Instrumental Music.

1. *Mr. Ball Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor, Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.*
3. *Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.*
5. *A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be played on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.*

All sorts of Ruled Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good lute to prick Musick.

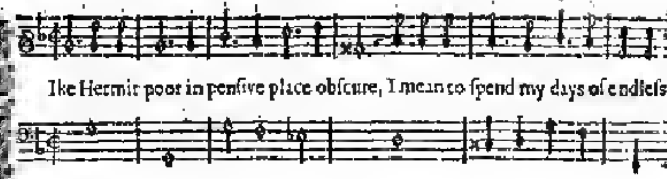
Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entitled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered, Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, *Mr. Christopher Simpson*.

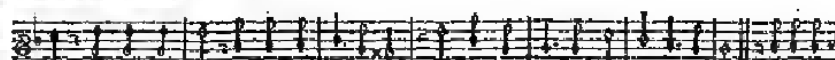
Also a Book for the *Virginal*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Tunes, and Rigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

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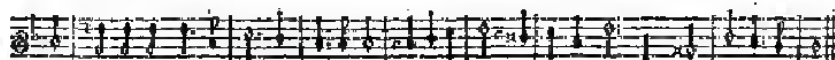
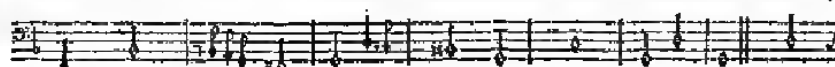
A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



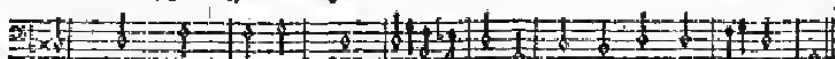
The Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt to wait such woes as time cannot secure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gues despair that finger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.



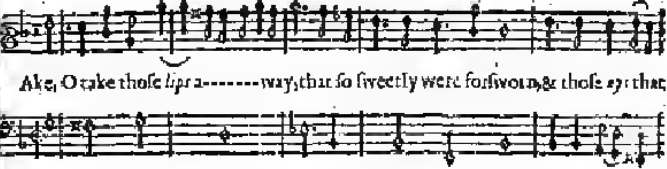
Mr. Nich. Lantard.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance links with long desire,
The Couch is fit and whereon my limbs I lay,
And at my gates, &c.

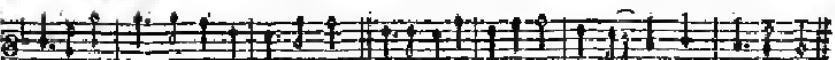
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears in mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may cease, which from my heart arise,
And at my gates,

Lovers ingratitude.

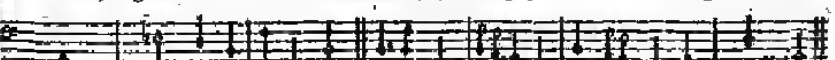
made by Antiquaire



Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworne, & those eyes that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



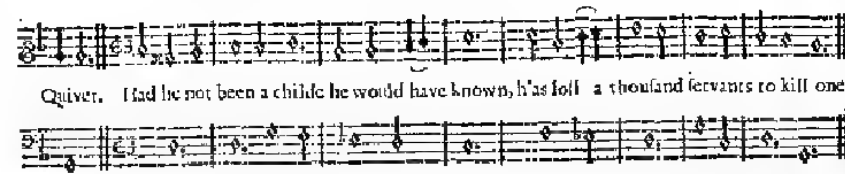
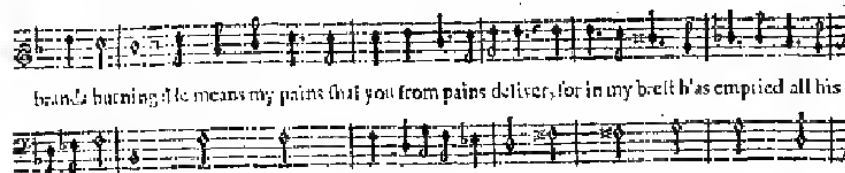
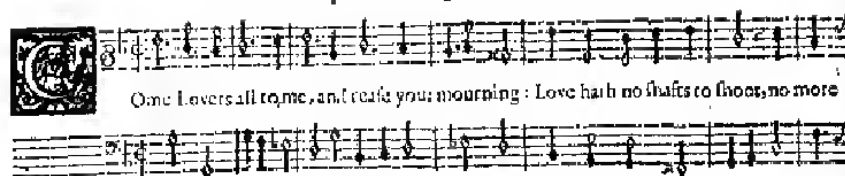
Dr. Walsen.

Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome bears;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April wears:
But first see my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy Chaines by thee.

P. B. S.

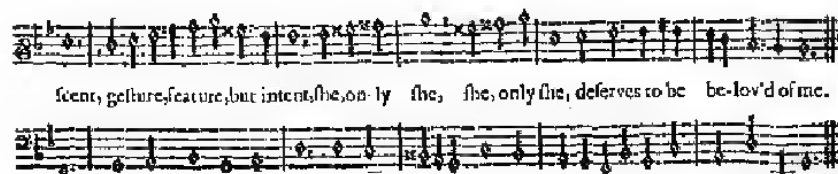
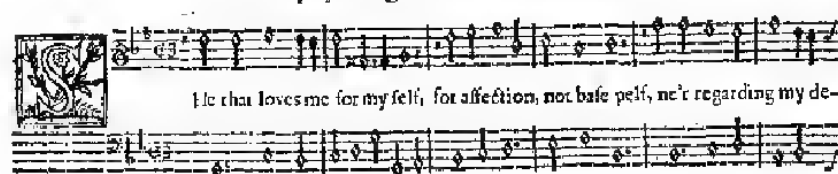
[2]

Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



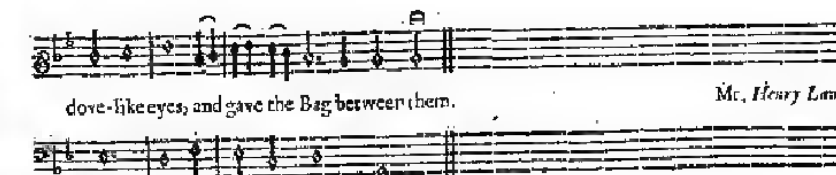
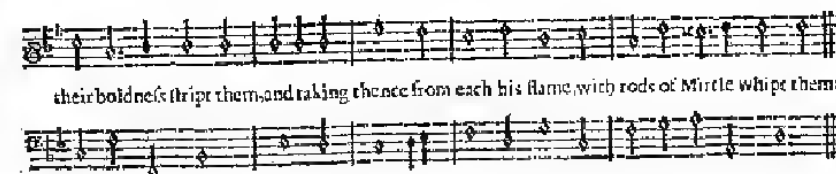
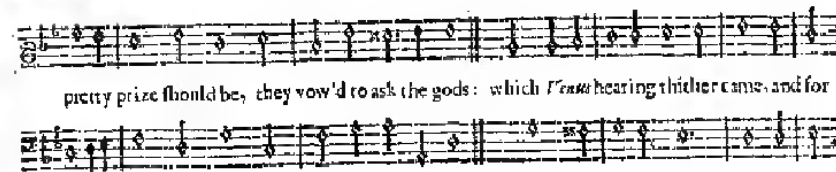
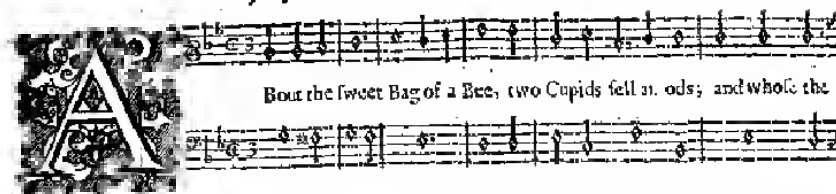
Mr. William Webb.

She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd is farred fire:
She, only she, deserves to be beloved of me.

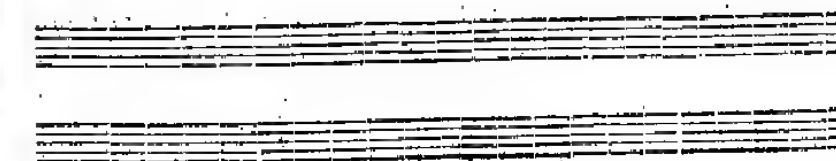
She that loves me with resolve
Ne'er to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that Stern face
May hereafter seem to threaten:
She, only she, deserves to be beloved of me.

[3]

A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



Mr. Henry Lawes.



Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



Ah my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy

looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles; alas, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them

all, yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks is self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I

fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thou ———— during *free*

roze the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, & from my temples untoucht

fell and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

I *live* in *death* there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I will

love my grief, make tears my tears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the

fates shall rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

Dr. Colman.

To his Love Answering No.



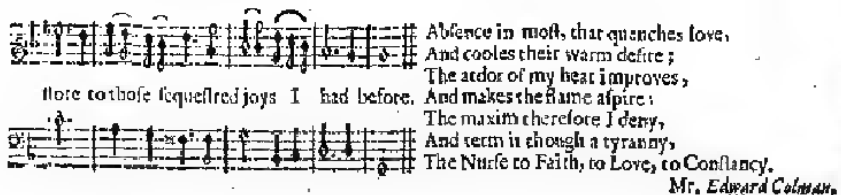
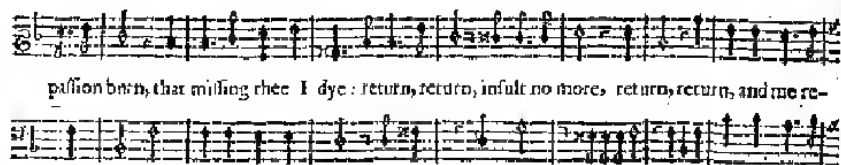
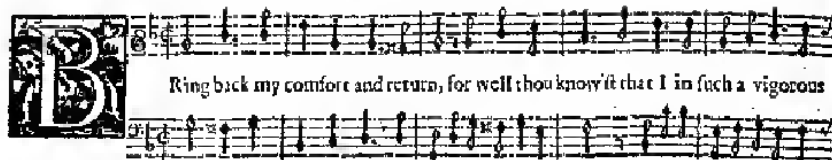
Say, say, O say, that heart, I vow 'tis mine, as with'd from hence by her whose parts divine;

words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on—ly No, sent from her lips most pure,

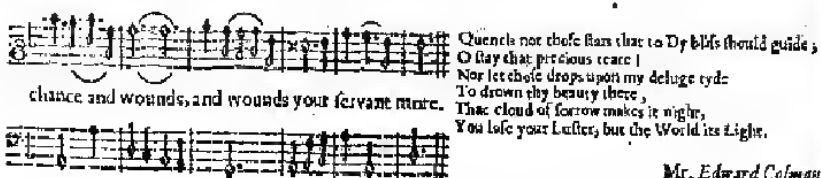
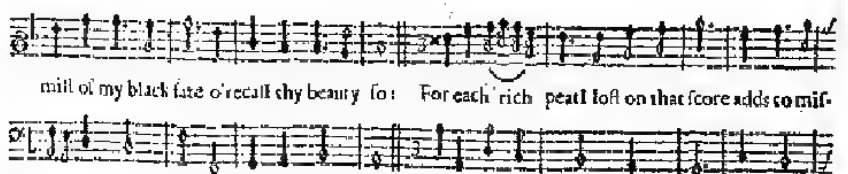
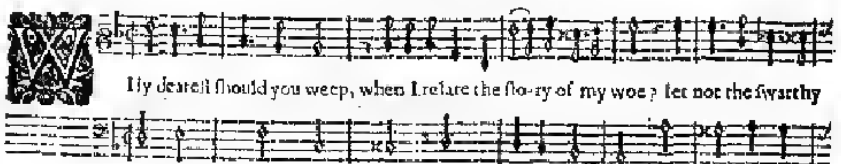
makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.

O hold it fast, I come yet far it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis joy both should do
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea
Give us a second life, treble our bliss
If not, farewell my heart, I've plac'd mine eyes
Since thou art lost, here thou art sacrifice.

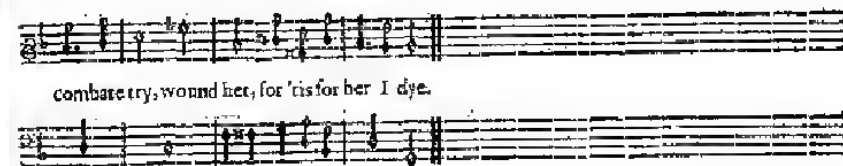
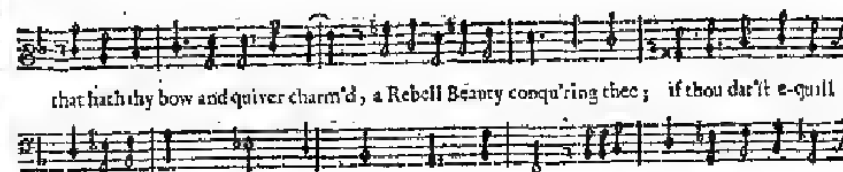
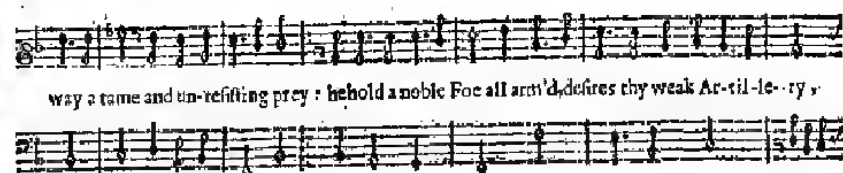
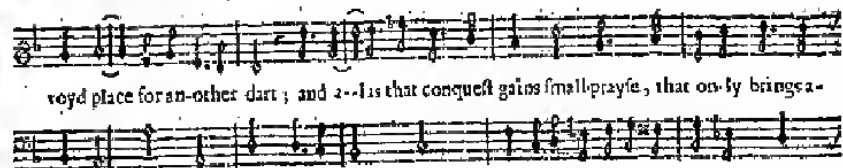
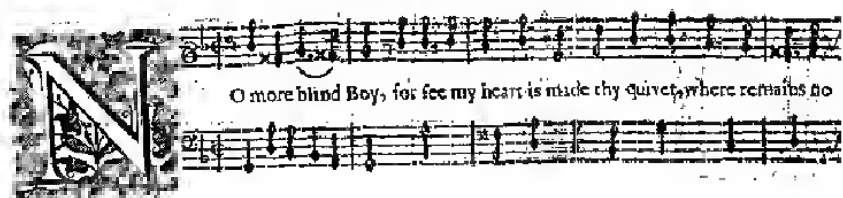
Dr. Colman.

On his Loves Absence.

Mr. Edward Colman.

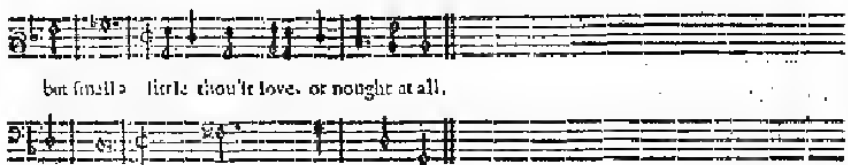
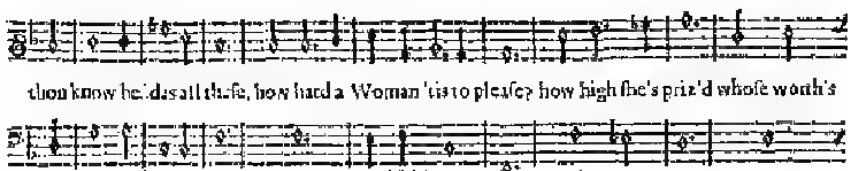
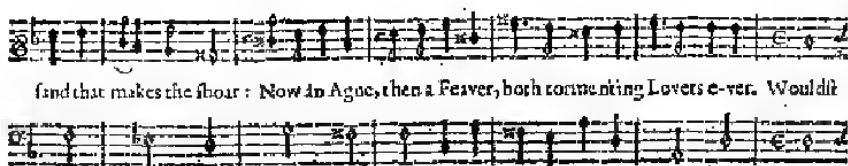
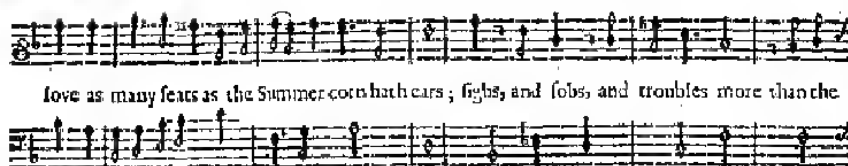
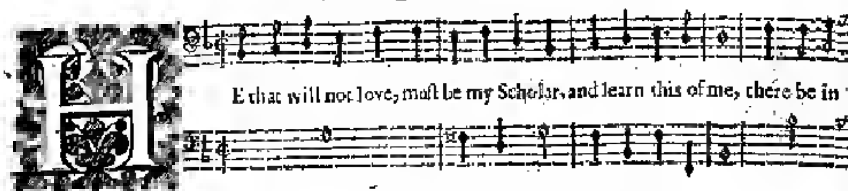
Beauty clouded with grief.

Mr. Edward Colman.

On Loves Artillery.

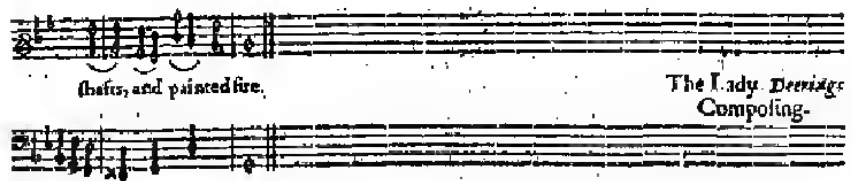
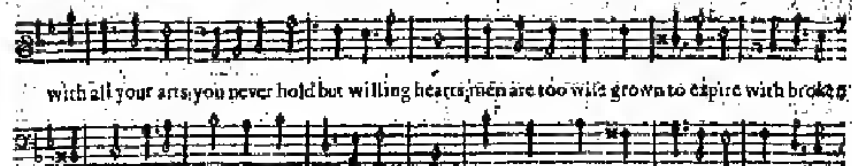
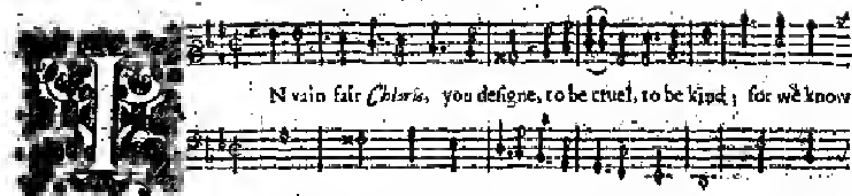
Mr. Jeremy Savil.

On the Vicissitudes of Love.



Mr. Williams Lower,

A false designe to be cruel.



II.

And if among a thousand Swains
Some one of Love, or Fate complains,
And all the stars in heav'n descry
With *Clara's* lip, or *Clidia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,
But the glory to refuse.

III.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want war, or courage to oppose;
But tempt me not that can discover
What will redeem the fondest Lover:
And flee the fist, lest it appear
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

IV.

So the rude wave securely flocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiff rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike for weakness, and its pride.

Constancy in Love.

Is not it's pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my
flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever
court disdain; and though you ne'er prove less severe, He dore up--on my pain.

(a) Yet meaner beauties cannot flame
In Love this tyranny,
They must pretend an equal flame,
Or else our passions die:
You false Charinda you alone
Are priz'd as such a rare,
To have a Votary of one
Whom you dose probrate.

Mr. Henry Lewis.

On Inconstancy.

Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:
Although my tongue betray my heart ere night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to ice I turn,
That's nothing so inconstant as my mind,
I change * * * with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,
But 'twas no more, then what not long before
I lov'd * * * to twenty more.

IV. Then pruned thee, thou girl! no need to me,
For when I cannot keep my word a day,
Whosoever * * * bidst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

On Womans Inconstancy.

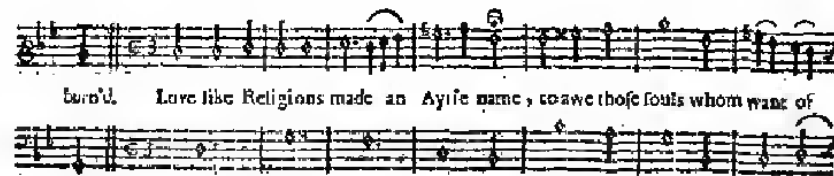
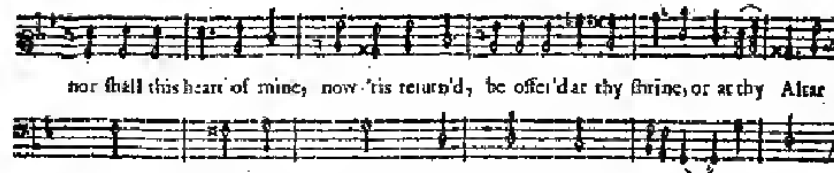
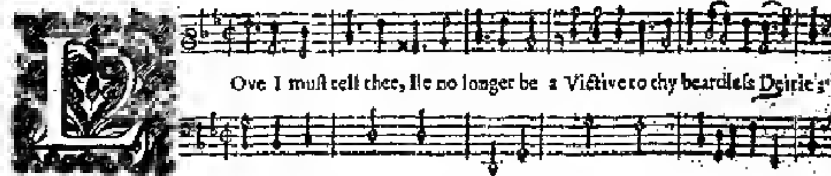
Catch me a Star that's fall'n from the Skie, Cause an immortal
creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas; Peirce the earths Corner

to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath Ja-mu-a-ry like the

moneth of May; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found

Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

A Resolution not to Love.

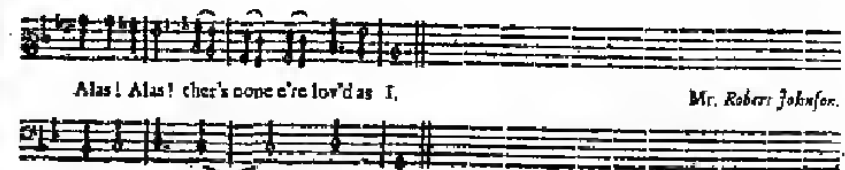
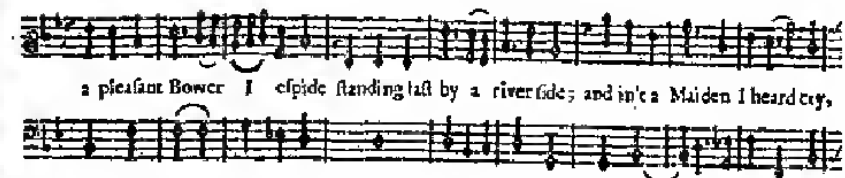
John Playford.

II.

There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,
Tis the poor masculine left women no sorrow find.
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,
Nor is't mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

III.

Reason henceforth, nor Love, shall be my guide,
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:
He now a Rebel be, and so pull down
That dittaffe Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown.
In these unbridled times who will not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative.

A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.

Mr. Robert Johnson.

II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The Dead-mans Thumb, an Heerb all blew,
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

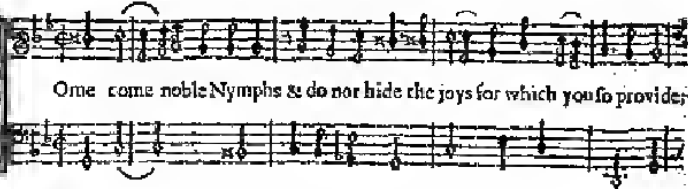
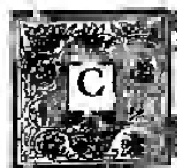
III.

The Flowers of the sweetest scents
She bound about with knotty Beres,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'e more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

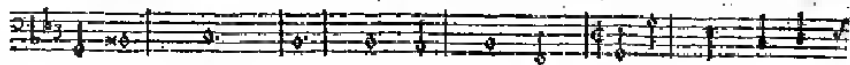
At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



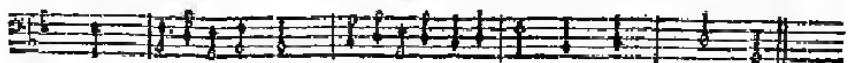
Ome come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confess



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pellars*, and *Arachnes* Arts, that you could mean no less,



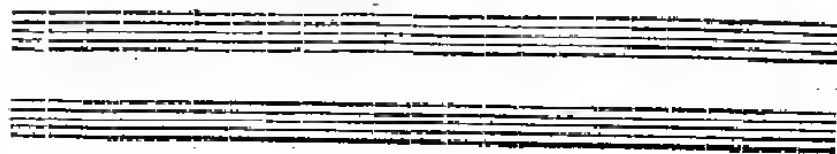
II.

Mr. William Webb.

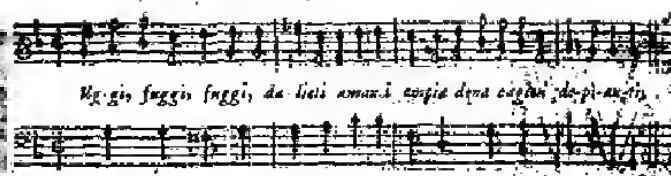
Why do you were the Silk-worms toyle?
Or glory in the Shek-sib spoils?
Or strive to shew the grains of Ore
That you have gathered long before
Whereof to make a Stock
To graft the greener Entraild on,
Or any better water'd Stone,
Or Ruby of the Rock.

III.

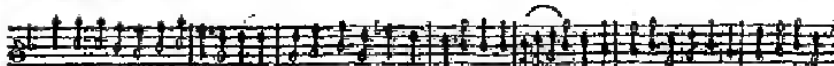
Why do you smell of Amber-greece,
Whereof was formed *Nepheles* Neece,
The Queen of Love? unless you can
Like Sea-bottm *Venus*, love a man?
Try, put your selves unto't:
Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;
Ambrosian hands, and Silver-feet,
Do promise you will do't.



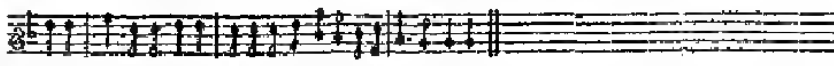
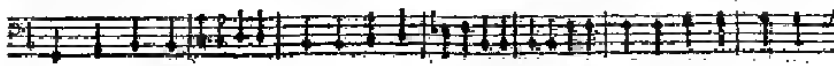
An Italian Ayre.



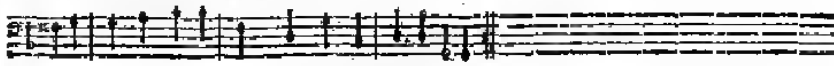
Ug-gi, fuggi, fuggi, da lii amari, eopia d'una cagion, do-pi-angio.



Che neugia per essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core s'ha in horrore, fuggi, fuggi,

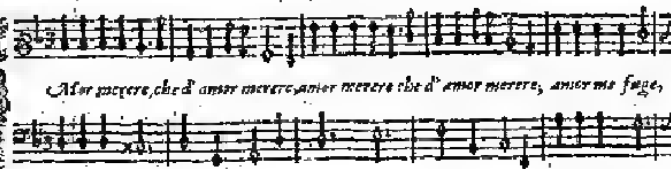


fuggi, che chiù mira perche vivi pe-ange e for pira,

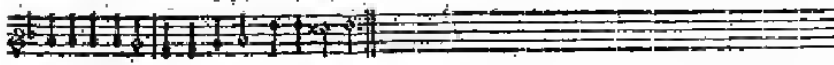


Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace ferra
Fede in fernali empia ma vera
Che se bene hai di donna l'aspetto
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto
Tutta danno tutt' inganno
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ognun che l'ama
Il tuo ben piange, e il tuo mal brama.

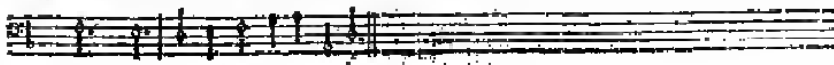
A French Ayre.



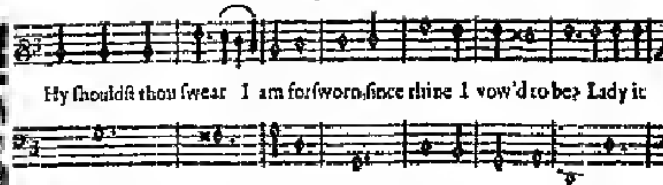
Mor puerce, che d' amor muore, amor muore che d' amor muore, amor me fuge,



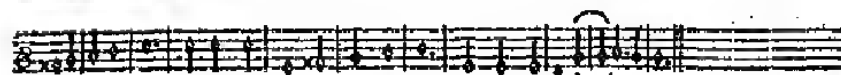
amor me stringe, non poi a pre, non poi a pre,



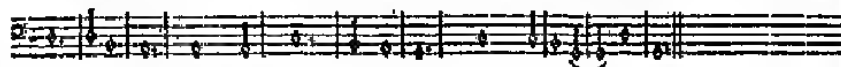
Loves Scrutiny.



Hy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be; Lady it



is already morn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impostor, bi-li-rie. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*



II.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

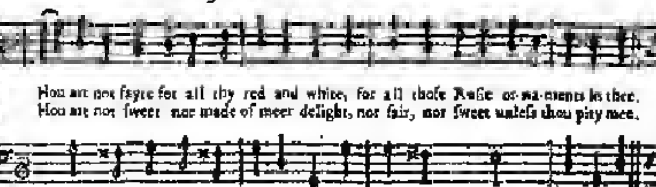
III.

Not that all Joves in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I will search the black, the fair,
Like skillfull Miners, till I find
For treasures in unexplored ground.

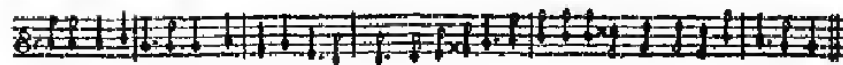
IV.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,
Thou prove the pleasant lie,
In spoyle of many Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ere I find with various.

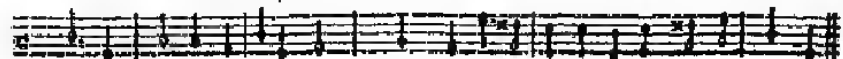
No Beauty without Love.



How art thou false for all thy red and white, for all those Retic ornaments is thee,
How art thou sweet, nor made of meer delight, nor fair, nor sweet unless thou pay mee.



I will not, smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that Beauty is no Beauty without Love, no Beauty without Love.

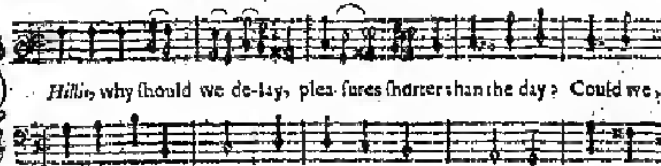


II.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now then if thou be a woman right,
Imbrace, and kiss, and love me in disguise.

Mr. Nich. Lanere.

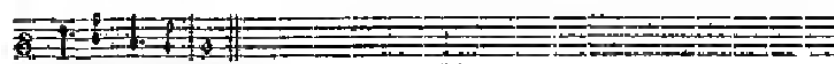
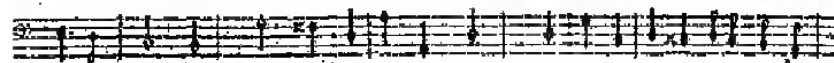
Delays in Love breeds Danger.



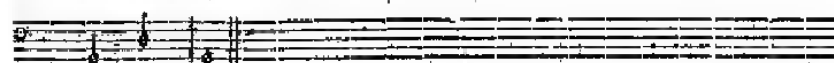
Phillis, why should we de-lay, pleasures shd'rter than the day? Could we,



which we never can, stretch our lives beyond three span, Beauty like a Shadow flies, and our



Youth before us dyes.

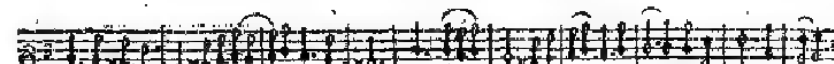


II.

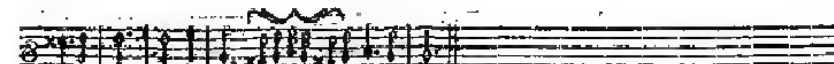
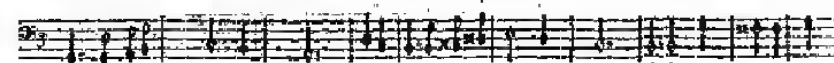
O! would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings than time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their face,
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.



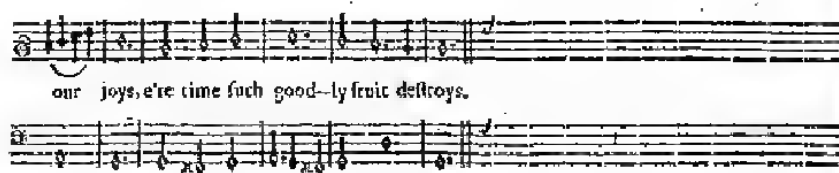
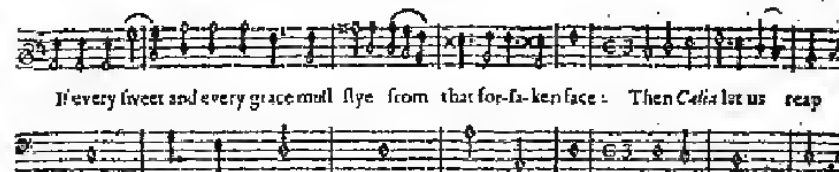
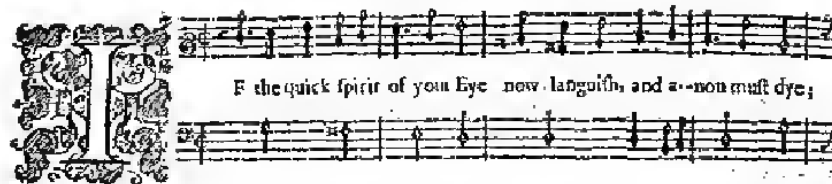
Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after do, for the joy we now



may prove, take ad-vise of present love.

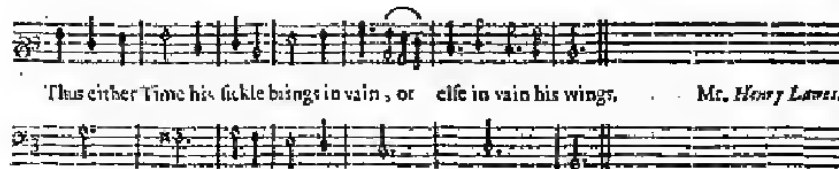
Mr. Henry Lawes.

On Calia's Coyneffe.

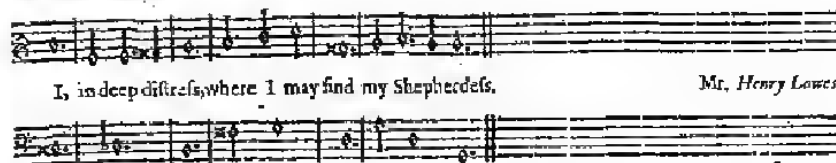
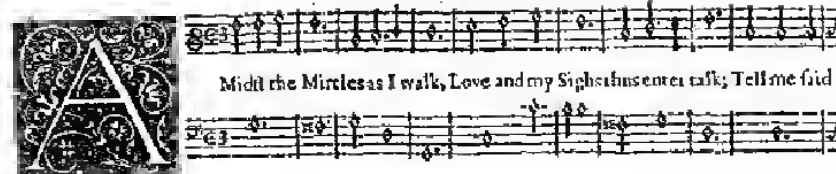


II.

Or if this Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then Calia be not so bellow,
What still being gather'd, will must grow.



Loves sweet Repose.



Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good fit is,
In yonder Tulip go and feed;
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

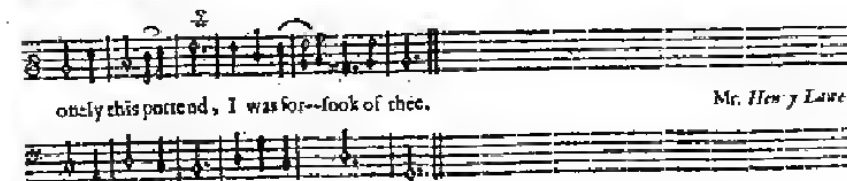
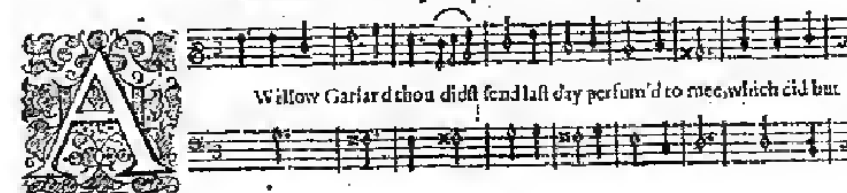
In this inamor'd Fancy by
There shalt thou find her curious Eye;
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of hot blood.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon;
And went and pluck'd them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopp'd, said Love, these bee
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do these Flowers when knit together.

A Willow Garland sent for a Newyears-gift.



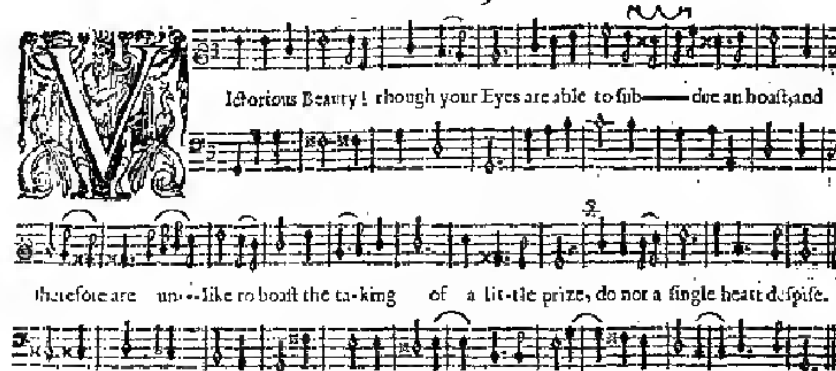
II.

Since that it is, I'll tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

III.

As Beasts unto the Altar go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.

Loves Victory.



Notorious Beauty! though your Eyes are able to sub—due an host and

therefore are un—like to boast the taking of a lit-tle prize, do not a single heart despise.

Mr. William Webb.

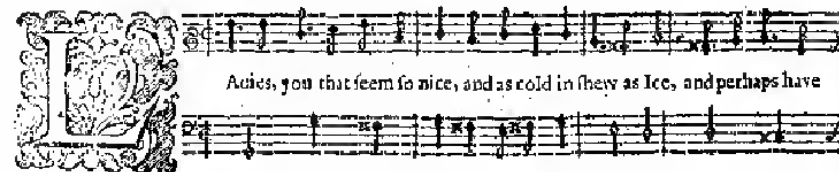
II.
I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love I durst have sworn
That as that privy coat was worn,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

IV.
But neither steel nor stony brass
Are proofs against those looks of thine,
Nor can a beamy selfe divide,
By any heart be long posselt,
Where you intend an interest.

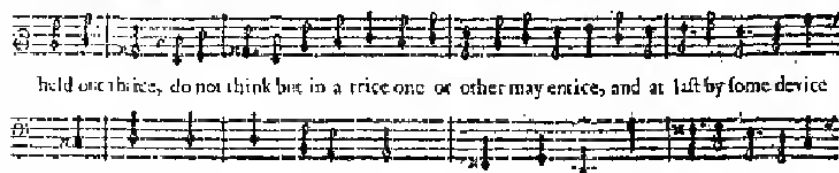
III.
The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

V.
And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

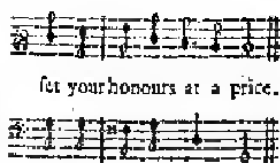
Diswasion from Presumption.



Adies, you that seem so nice, and as cold in they as Ice, and perhaps have



held one thine, do not think but in a trice one or other may entice, and at last by some device

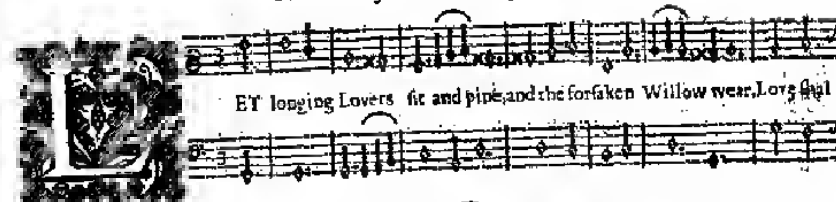


set your honours at a price.

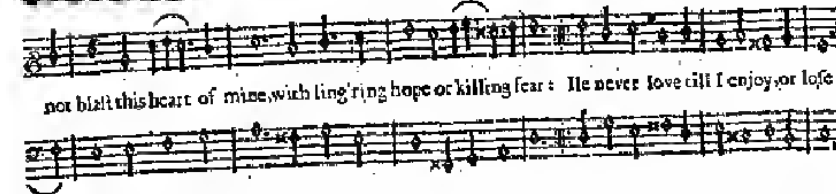
You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rose lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet insult nor sparks within,
Slowly burn ere flames begin,
And presumption till hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

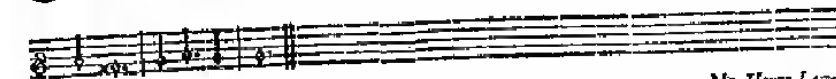
The Careless Lovers Resolution.



ET longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow weep, Love shall

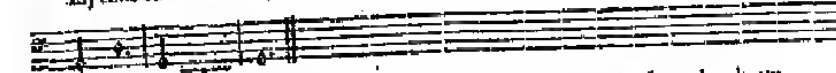


not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing fear: He never love till I enjoy, or lose



my time on her that's coy.

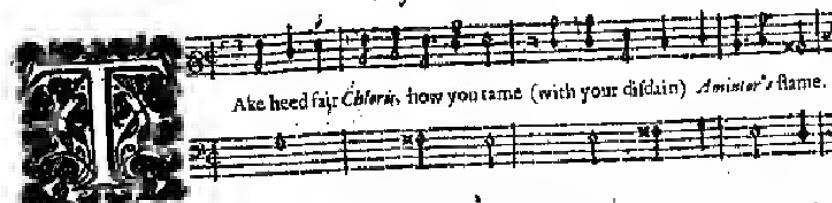
Mr. Henry Lawes.



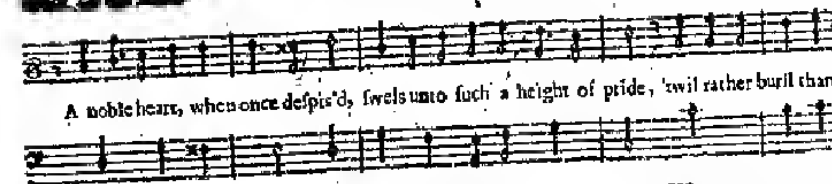
If Ladies call us to the field,
And all their Colours there display,
Alas! they needs must to us yield;
Since we are better arm'd than they:
'Tis folly then to beg or whine
For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,
And you may overcome with ease,
Your enemy fights with a Bow
That cannot wound, unless you please;
And he that pines because thee's coy,
Wants wit, be courage, women fly.

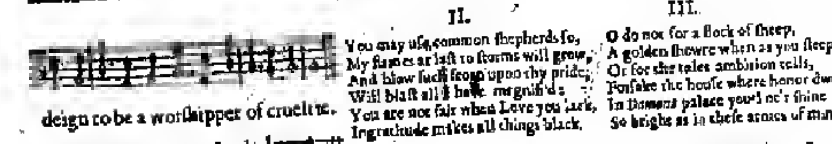
Disdain.



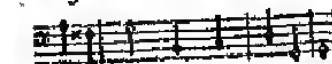
Ake heed fair Chloë, how you tame (with your disdain) Amist's flame.



A noble heart, when once despis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twil rather burn than



design to be a worshipper of cruelty.

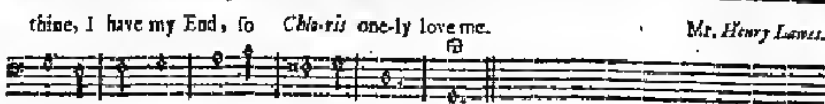
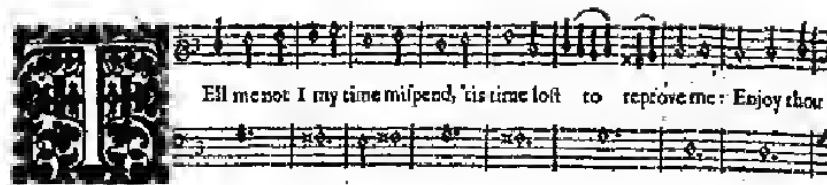


II.
You may use, common shepherds so,
My flames as last to flames will grow,
And blow such scope upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have: my grief's
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

III.
O do not for a flock of sheep,
A golden shewer when as you sleep;
Or for the tales ambition tells,
Forake the house where honor dwells,
In thence palace you'll ne'r shine
So bright as in these arms of mine.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves Fruition.



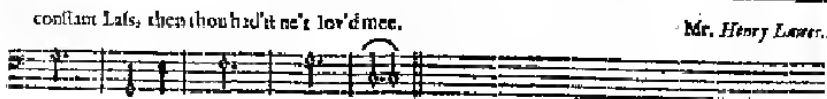
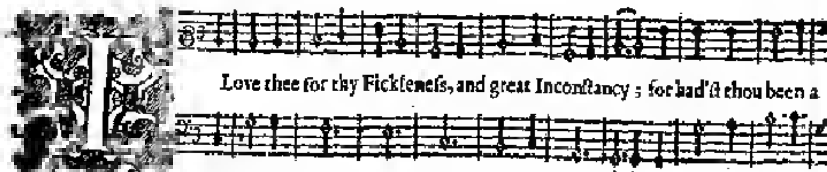
Tell me not others stocks are fall,
Mine poor, let them despite me
That more abound with Milk and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pry thou that wiser are,
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;
Let me alone with my one heart,
And I'll be'r envy thine.

Try other easier cares with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He never feels the Worlds disease,
That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,
That seek's no higher prize
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

Loves Drollery.



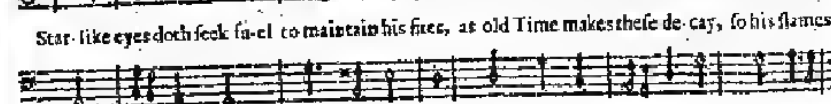
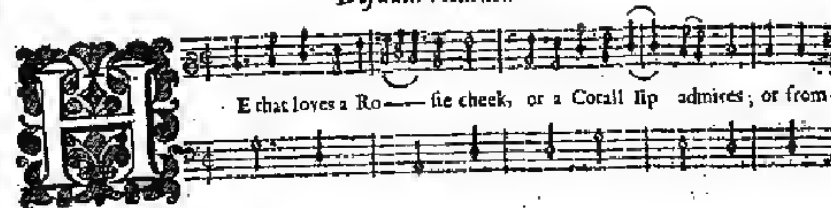
I love thee for thy Wantoness,
And for thy Drollerie;
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,
And for thy want of Coyne;
For if thou had'st been worth a Great,
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy Uglyness,
And for thy foolerie;
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

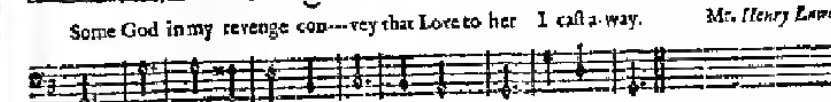
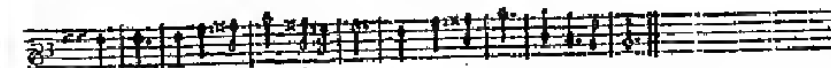
Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my money;
He part with all the wealth I have,
To enjoy a Lais so Sonny.

Disdain returned.

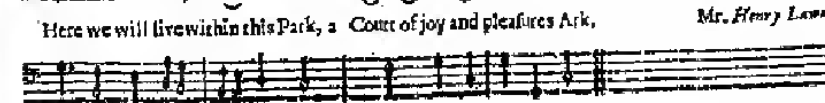
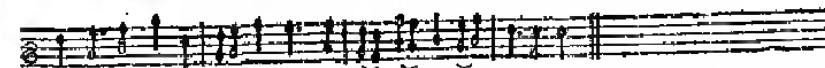
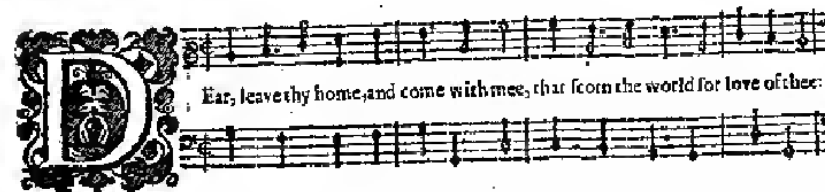


I I.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely Cheeks, or Lips or Eyes.

III.
Calio, now no tears can win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul with fire,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd those Arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.



Loves Content.



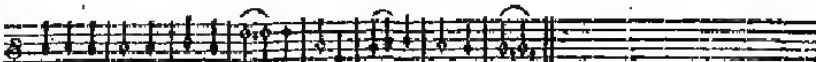
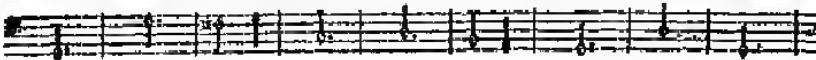
To his Forsaken Mistress.



I do confess th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon near to



lover thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now alone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

I do confess th'art sweet, yet find
Thee such an Unthrill of thy Sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
Which killeth ev'ry thing it meets:
And since thou canst with more than one,
Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briters, how sweet shee smells!
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But Scent and Beauty both are gone,
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

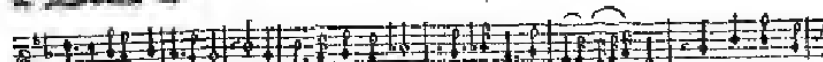
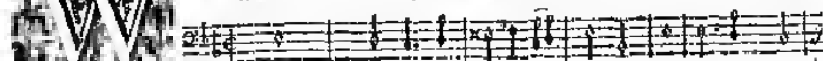
IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee beside,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With fear Flow'rs to be trodden aside:
And I shall sigh when some will smile,
To see thy love to ev'ry one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

To a Lady singing.



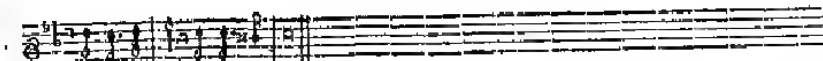
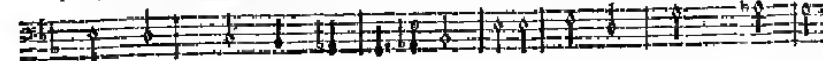
While I list—en to thy voice, Gladly, I feel my life de—say, that pow'rful noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magic sound, which dostyrow without a wound! Peace, peace, O bring,

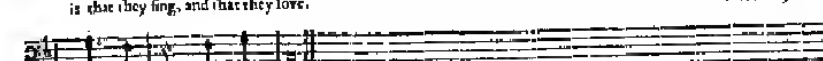


peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,

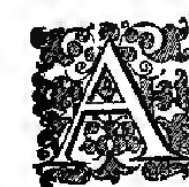


is that they sing, and that they love.

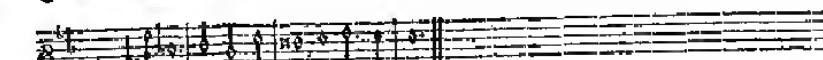
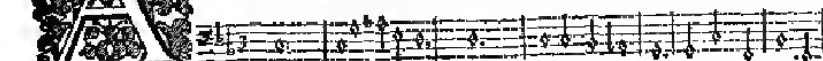
Mr. Henry Lawes.



On a Bleeding Lover.

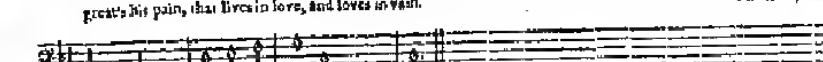


Lover once I did espie, with bleeding heart and weeping eyes, he wept and cry'd, How



great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

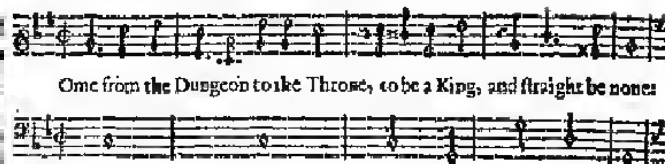
Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.
Can there (says she) no cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
Since she wants charity to cure.

III.
Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To with the hand cut'd, and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

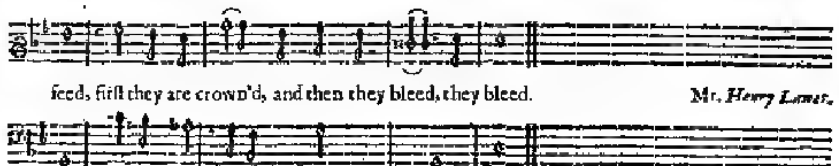
Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



Come from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none;



Reign then a while, that thou mayst be sure to fall by majesty: So Bend for sacrifice we



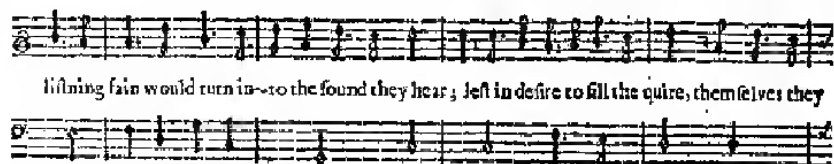
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

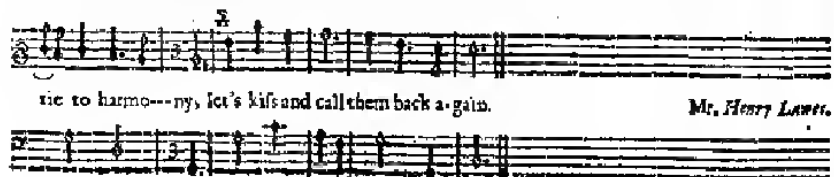
Love and Musick.



Once my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



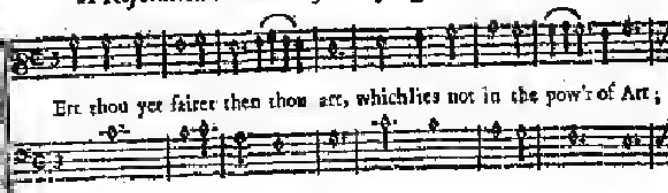
listening fain would turn in-to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



tie to harpo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

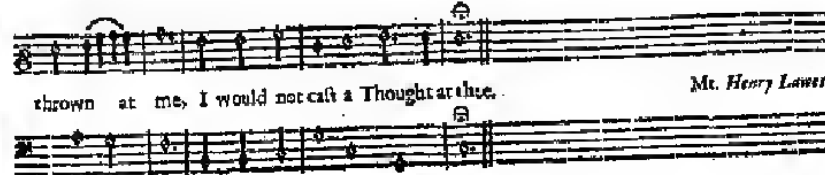
A Resolution in choice of a Mistress.



Err thou yet fairer than thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupid's e—ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

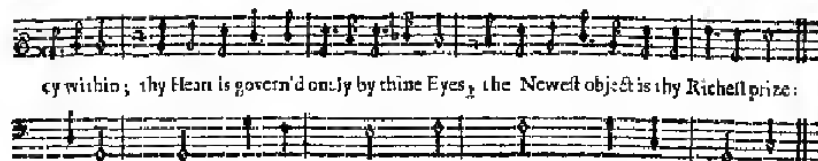
I'de rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please:
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equal fires:
What pleasure is there in a Kiss
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

III.

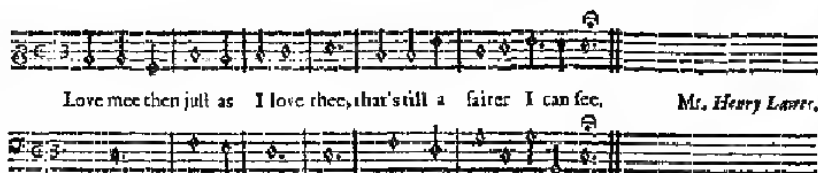
I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air;
Not for the Cupid that do lye
In either corner of thine Eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

Inconstancy in Love.

O love thee without Flattery were a Sin, since thou art all Inconstan-



cy within; thy Heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes, the Newest object is thy Riches prize:



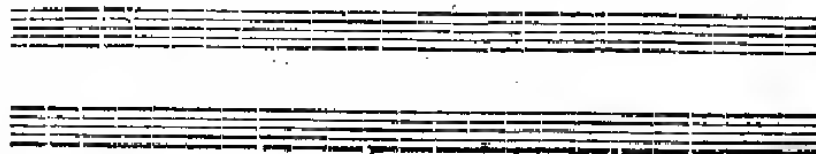
Love mee then jill as I love thee, that's still a fairer I can see. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

II.

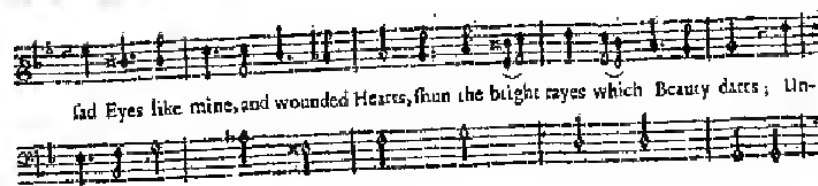
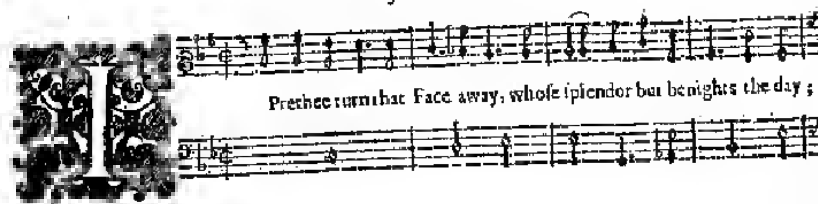
My thoughts are now at liberty, and can
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;
I never will hereafter think it strange
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:
No I love me jill as I love thee,
That's still a fairer I can see.

III.

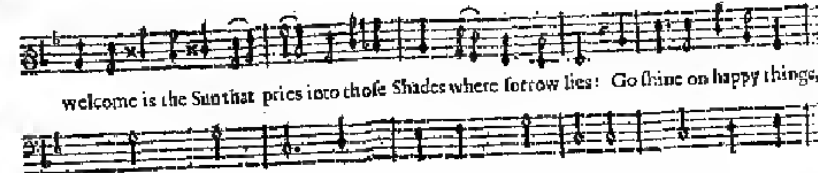
I hate this constant doting on a Face,
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;
Why then should you and I love one another
Longer then we can be content together?
Love mee then jill as I love thee,
That's still a fairer I can see.

*Discontent.*

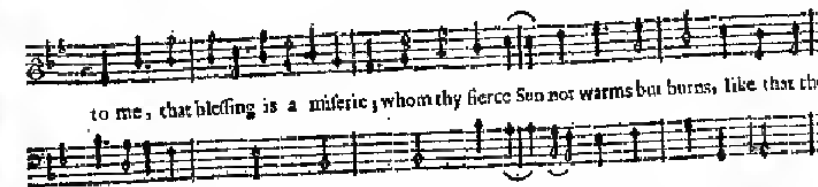
Prethee turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights the day;



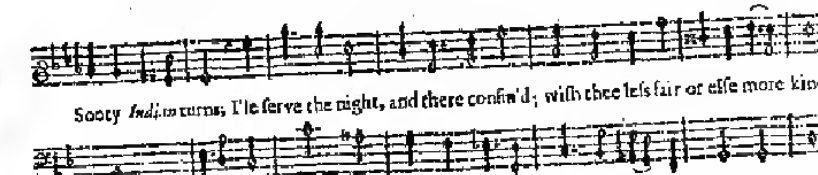
sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts; Un-



welcome is the Sun that pries into those Shades where sorrow lies: Go shine on happy things,

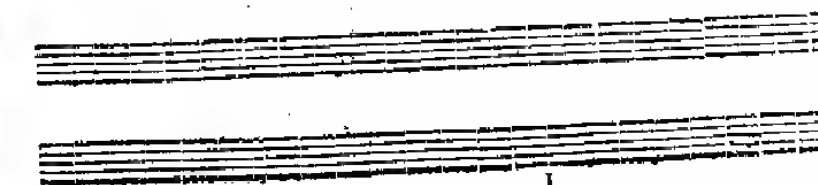


to me, that blessing is a miserie, whom thy fierce Sun not warms but burns, like that the

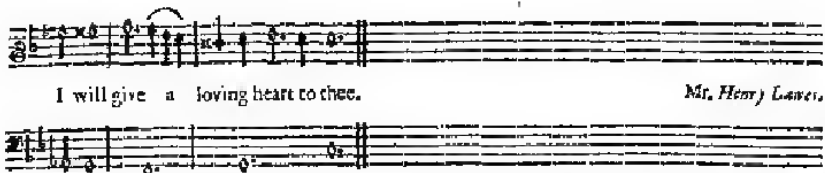
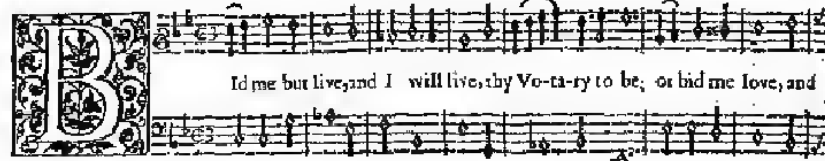


Sooty Indian turns; I'll serve the night, and there confin'd, with thee let's fair or else more kind.

Dr. John Wilkin.

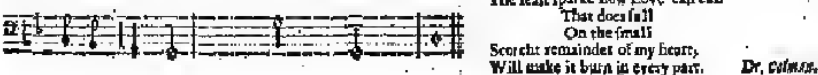
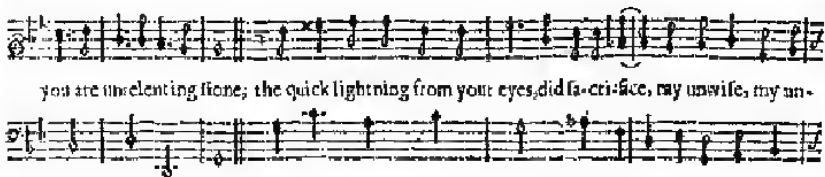
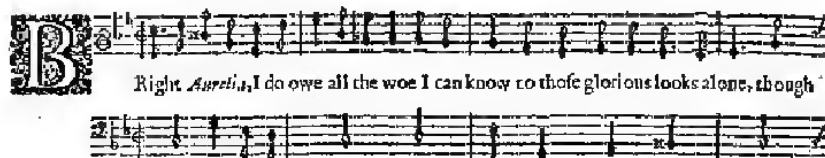


Loves Votary.



A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do for thee.
Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of mine,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

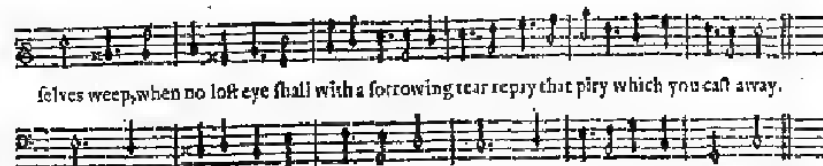
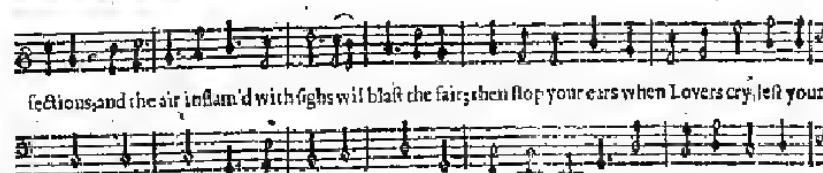
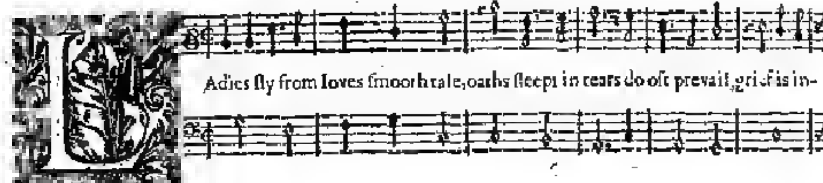
To Aurelia.



How unjustly you do blame
That puts flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your selfe may burn,
Your scorn to tender did it turn.

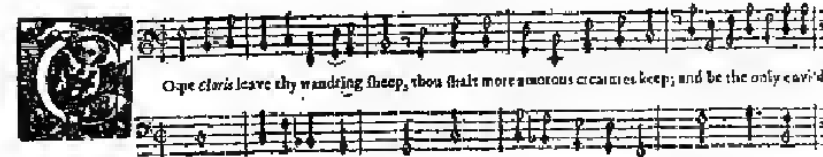
The least spake now Love can call
That does fall
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Loves Flattery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

To Chloris.

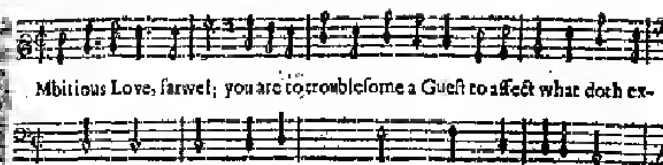


Mr. Henry Lawes.

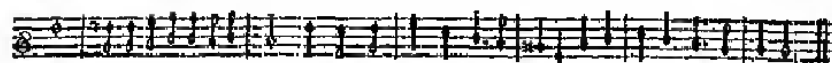
II.
Nymphs, Satyres, and the Syriam Pawnt,
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns
To walk on *Chloris*, and adore
To walk on *Chloris*, and adore
These cythereas, now no more
The name of *Chloris* shall create
A fortune in every place.

III.
In yonder Mistle grove wee'll dwell
With more content then tongue can tell,
Where hungry Moles shall not asight
Thy tender Lambs as thee by night:
There we the warren cheeves will play
And drive each others hearts away.

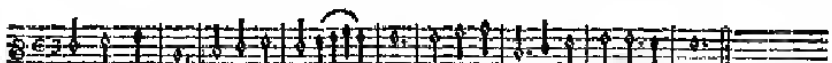
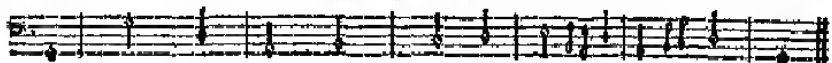
Seeming Coynefs.



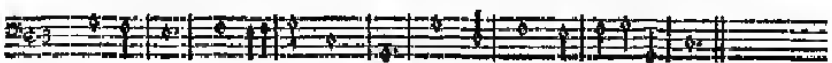
Mbitious Love, farwel; you are to trouble some a Guest to affect what doth ex-



tell; and to beever at a Feast; is not the cheapest freest diet, less in joy and less in quiet:



Be proud who list Fetters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.



II.

I'll take such as I find,
So it be good, and handsome drest,
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,
To a good appetite is best.
If your Usage do not please you,
Change is near you Change will ease you:
Tempest and Fears the wisest disaffect,
Let it suffice you find no disrespeect.

Dr. Charles Colman.

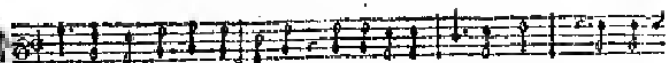
III.

Seek not the highest place,
The lowest commonly is most free
Less subject to disgrace,
Others eyes, or your jealousies.
Bold Freedom will improve your taste,
When awe imbibes a repast:
A doating fancy is a foolish Cruelty,
The freest welcome makes the sweetest Feast.

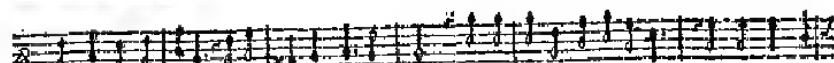
IV.

It is not Nature's way,
She made Love no such busie thing,
She meant it a short lay,
A Common-Weal without a King.
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,
Her Fruits are best in Taste and Show,
Her Sweet extend unto the meanest Clown,
Often most fair, though in a Ruffet Gown.

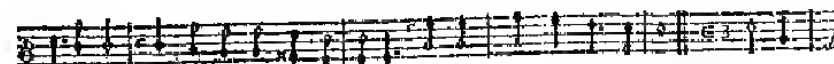
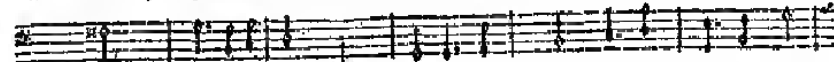
Loves Bachinall.



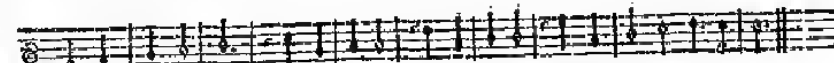
Ay that fflent Garland by thee, keep it for th' Elixirum shades; take my



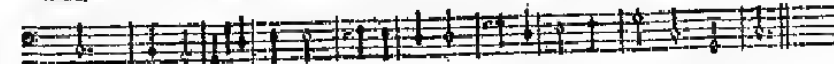
wreath of lassy I-vy, nor of that faint Mirtle made; when I see thy soul descending to that cold un-



ferrile Plain of sad fools the Lake attending, thou shalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the odds 'twixt that *Lasse*, 'twixt that *Lasse*, 'twixt that *Lasse*, and the Gods.



Rouse thy dull and drowse spirits,
Here's the soul reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As coile Love by such like charmes.

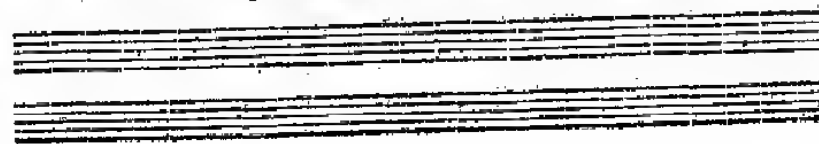
Think not thou these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end,

Sacrifice a glosse of Claret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

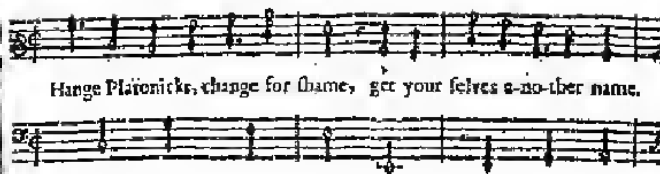
Cho.

Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and conrage conquers love.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come,
Sleep will come and that's as good.



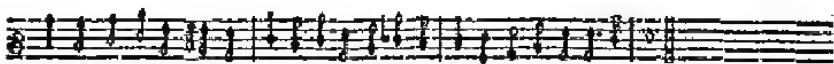
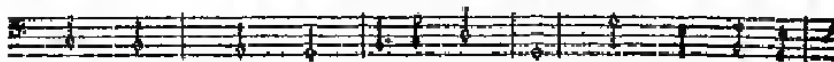
Platonick Love.



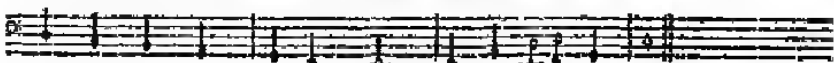
Change Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



see, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



Dr. Colman.

II.

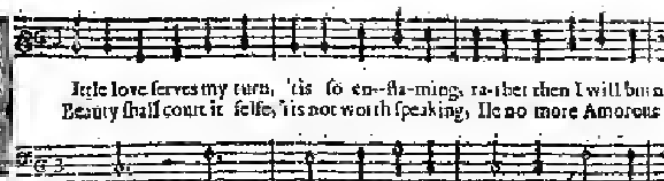
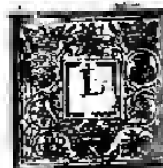
Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,
Nor the like sensuall tick blis,
All the day sit and Ca Gell
With Sir Amorous La Fool;
Ne'r dreamt of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night,
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

III.

Yet must *Plato* justify
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis Opinion that doth sway,
Is a meer Court-Frippery,
You act but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.



Love Neglected.



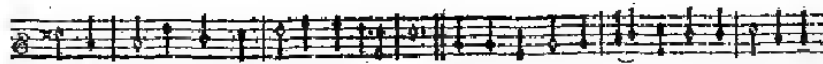
Little love serves thy turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, rather then I will burn
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, He no more Amorous



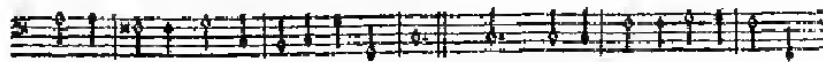
I will leave ga-ming; for when I think upon't, O'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking; those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



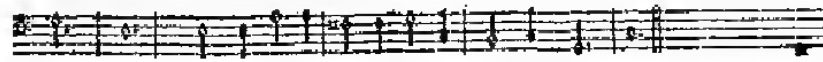
trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're, for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de-sie it,

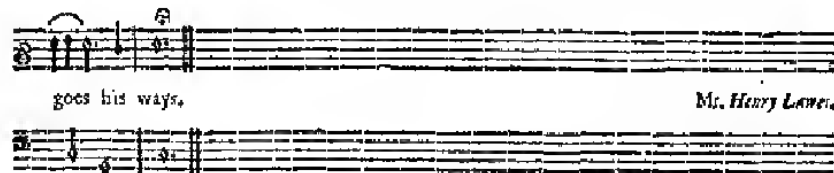
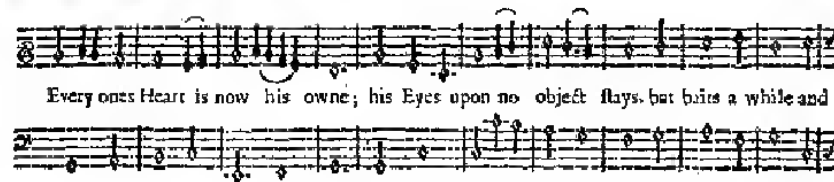
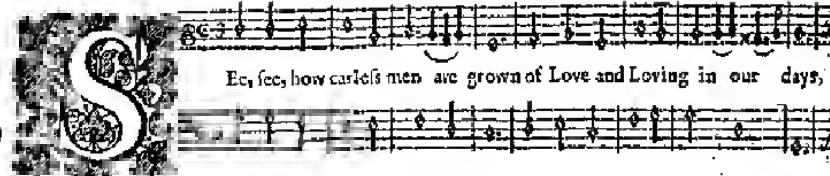


pine, distacts my mind, and fastids when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-



-ther speare, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Lovers Whantomessie.

II.

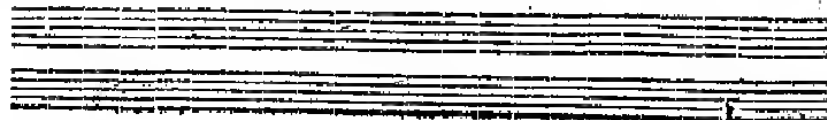
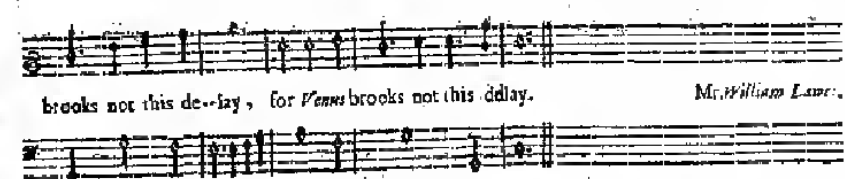
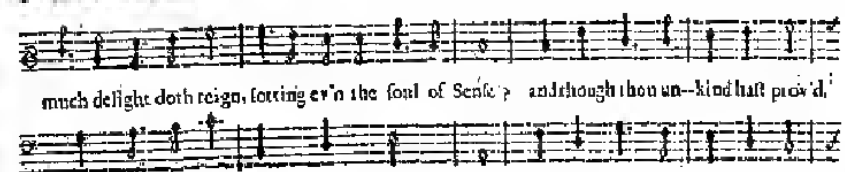
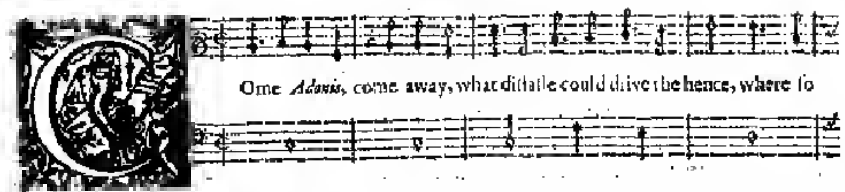
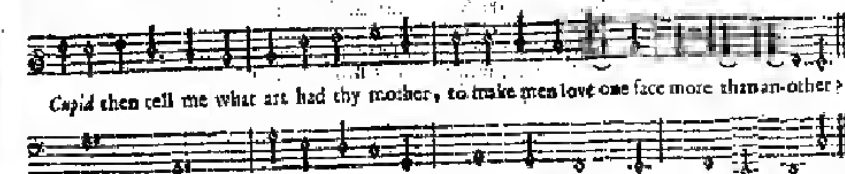
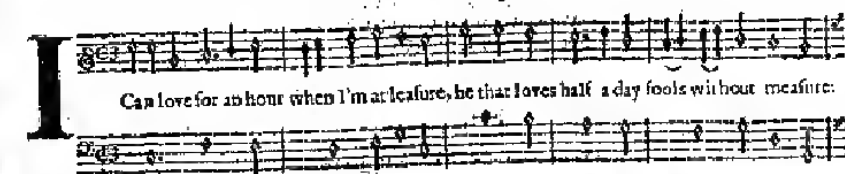
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign
Un-rivall'd in each noble breast,
Command by turns, or else in vain;
And by new fashion'd minds deprest,
Become an Ino, and love a Geelt.

III.

Sure they suppose her of Classe,
And let her rust on purpose fall,
Then peice-meal would pick up this Masse,
That for one Beauty bow to all,
And change of Ferrers, Freedome call.

IV.

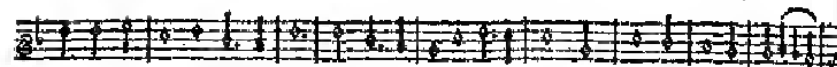
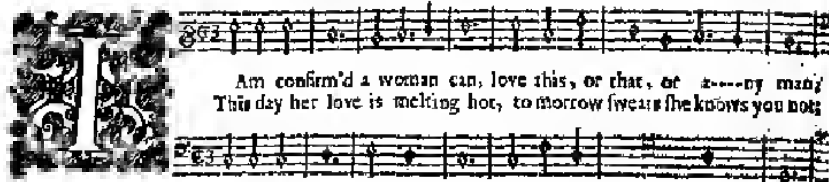
Though lowly minded, I will stand
With inch for place, and at no rate
Give Rebelt Lovers th'upper hand,
That every day new Lords create;
I serve a Monarch, they a State.

*Venus to her Adonis.**Loves Flattery.*

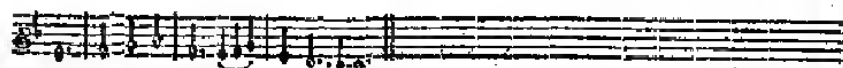
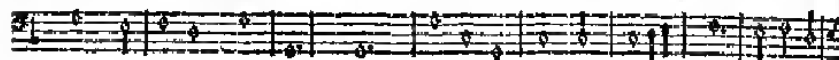
Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot eye themselves on your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures.
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never doze, yet they'll be fooling.

Mr. William Lawes.

Inconstancy in Women.

let her but an new object find, and she is of another mind: Then hang me Ladies at your



dore, If e're I dote up---on you more,

Ms. Henry Lawt.

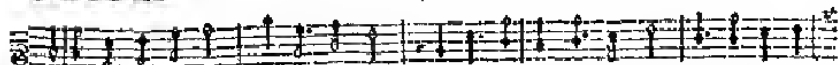
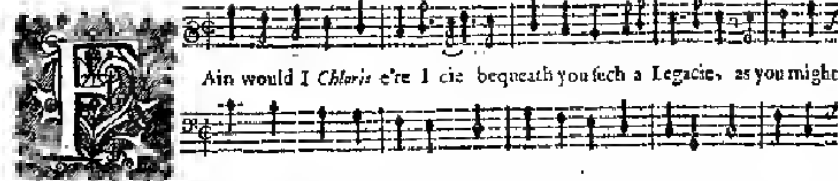


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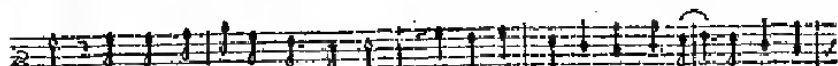
Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eye;
And to the fat and soft skinn'd Dame
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;
For her that's Muscall I long,
When I am fad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

III.

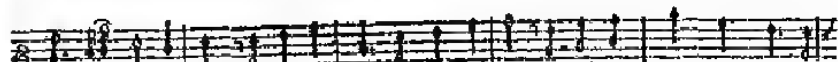
I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.

A Lovers Legacy.

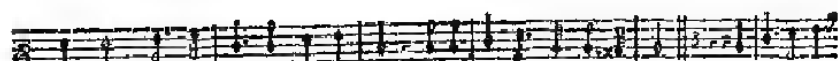
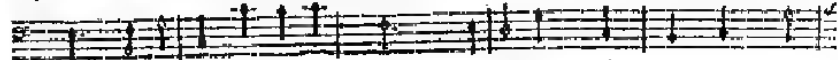
say when I am gon, None has the like! My heart alone were the best gift I could be-



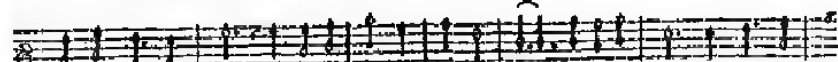
flow, but that's al-ready yours you know: So that till you my Heart resigne, or fill with



yours the place of mine; and by that grace my store renew, I shall have nought worth giving



you, whose Brest has all the wealth I have, save a faint Carcase, and a Grave: But had I as

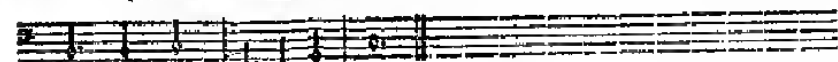


many Hearts as Halts, as many Lovers as Love has Fears, as many Lives as Years have

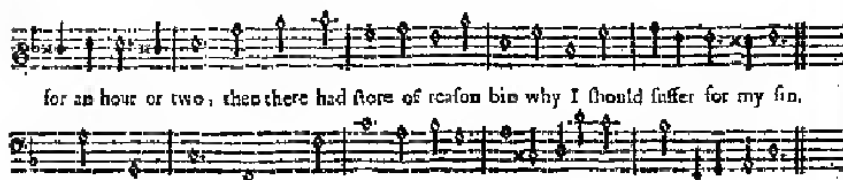
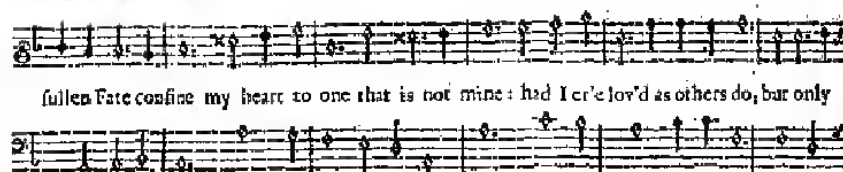
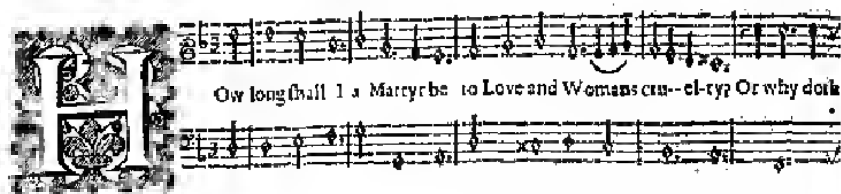


Hours, they should be all and only yours.

Ms. Henry Lawt.



Loves Martyr.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

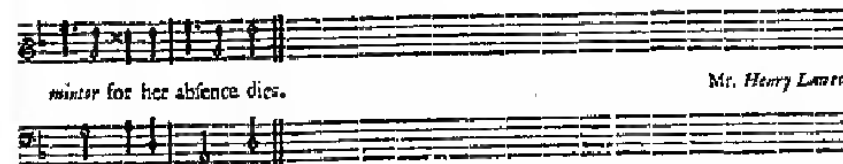
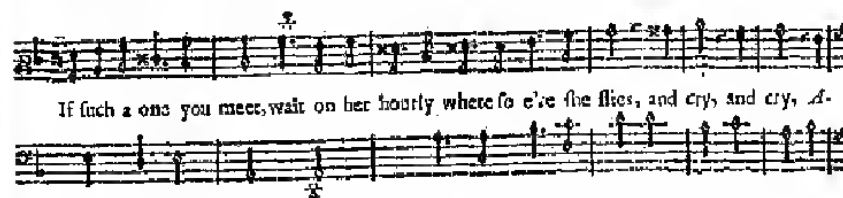
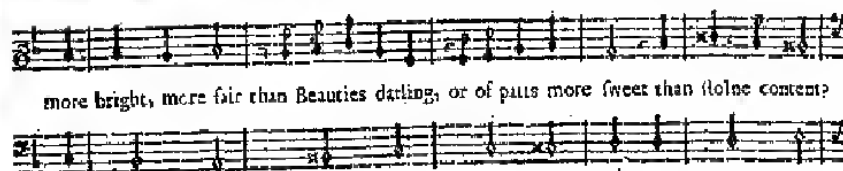
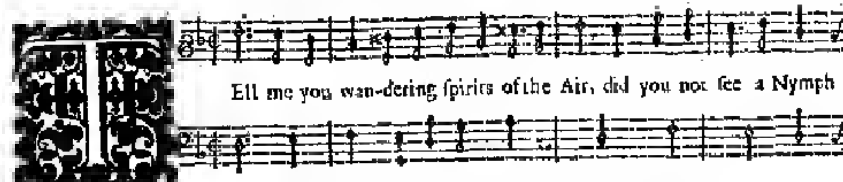
II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame
I have ador'd my Mistress name:
How I ne'er offered other fires
But such as rose from chaste desires:
Nor have I ere profaned thy shrine
With an inconstant fickle minde;
Yet thou combining with my Fate,
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

III.

O Love! if her supremacie
Have not a greater power than thee,
For pity sake then once be kind,
And throw a dart to change her mind:
Thy deity we shall suspect,
If our reward must be neglect.
Then make her love, or let me be
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

Amintor for his Chloris absence.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

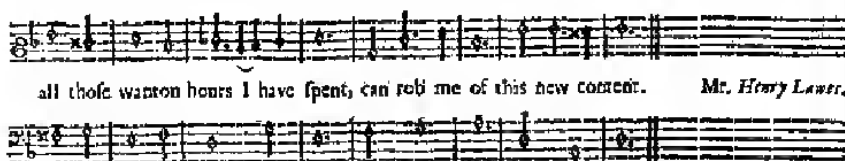
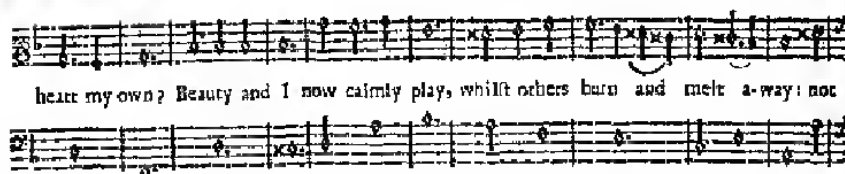
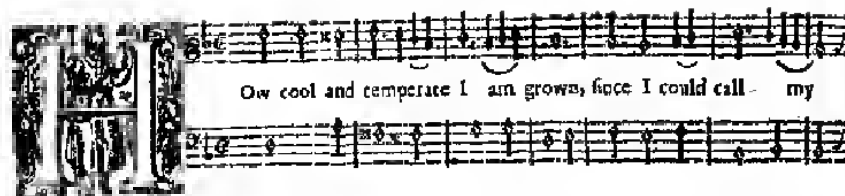
II.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a sent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee.
Go call the Echoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

III.

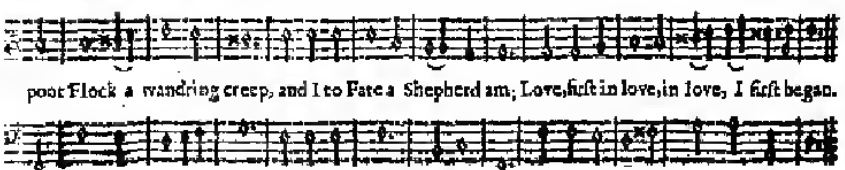
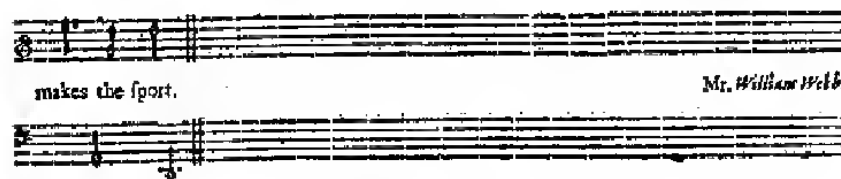
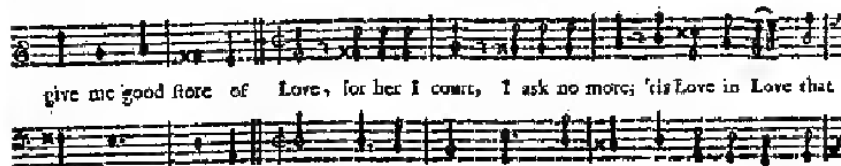
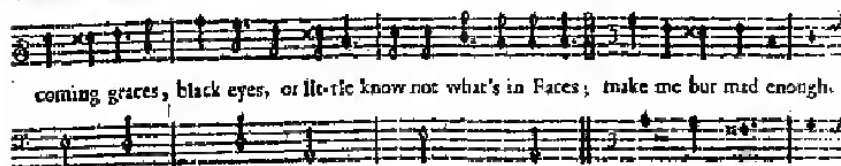
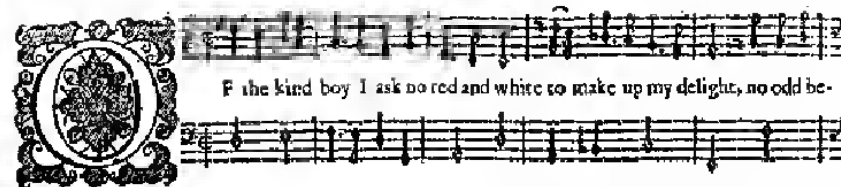
But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were thee on earth she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the Sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is thee.



Love in a Calm.

II.
Loves mists are scattered from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore,

III.
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprize,
Farewell those curls and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where Cupid dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

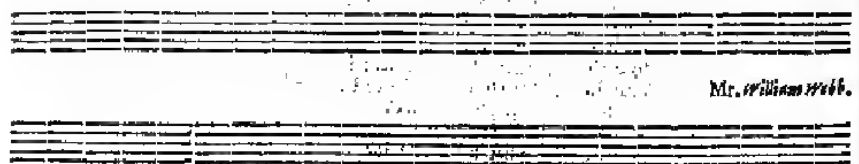
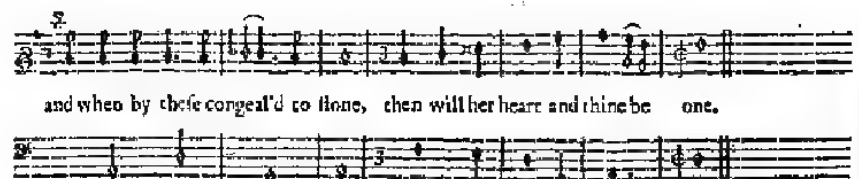
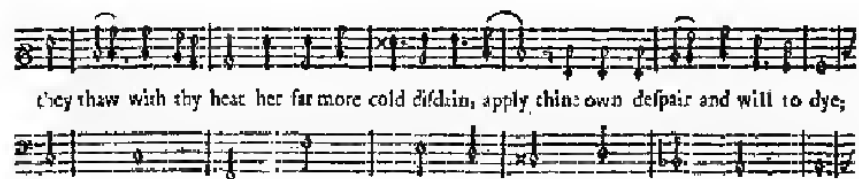
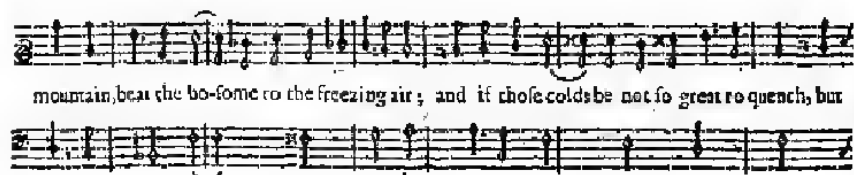
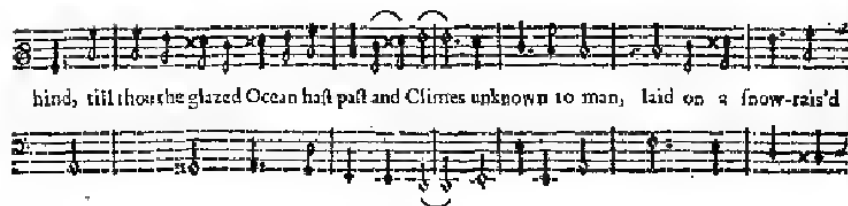
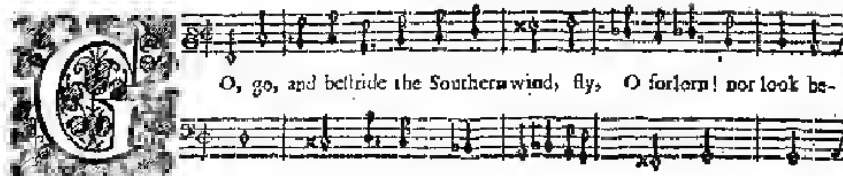
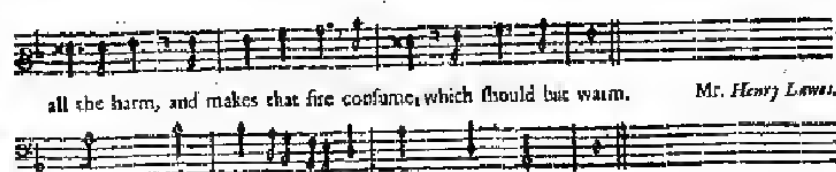
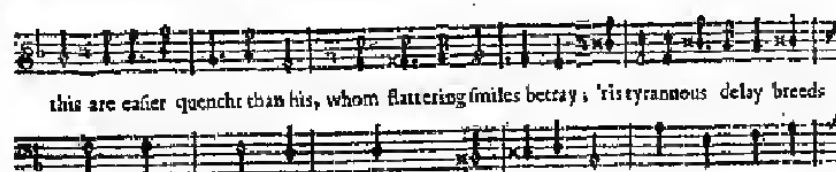
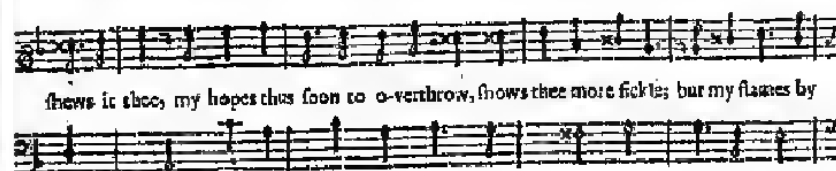
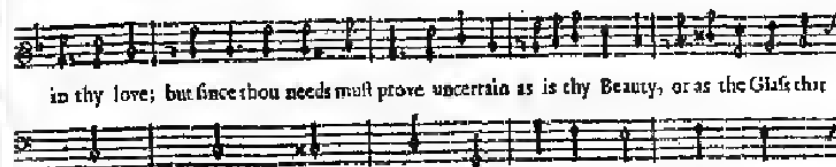
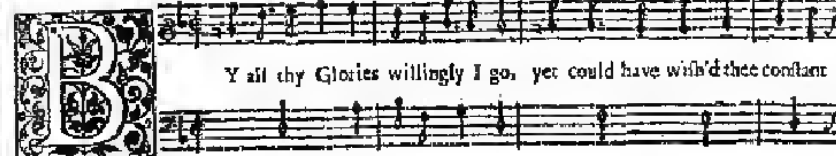
Loves Shepherdess.*Love without Additionals.*

II.

There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer courtesage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not use me now from chasing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight;
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a Phoenix is:
What in our Matches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.*False Love reproved.*

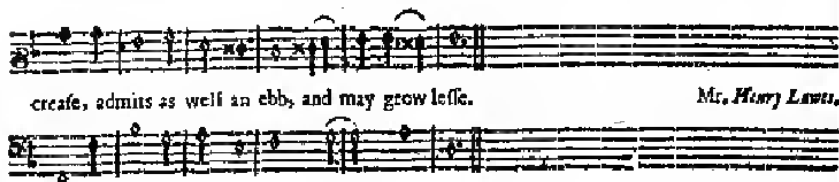
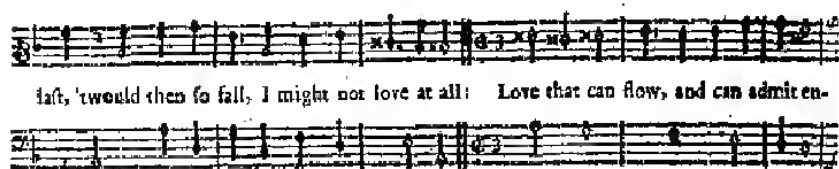
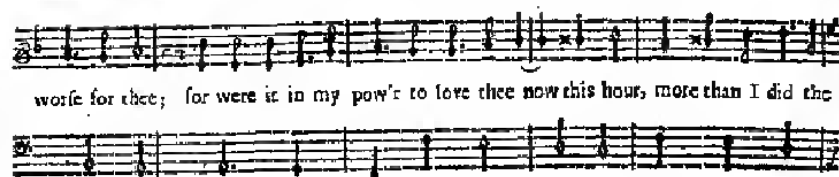
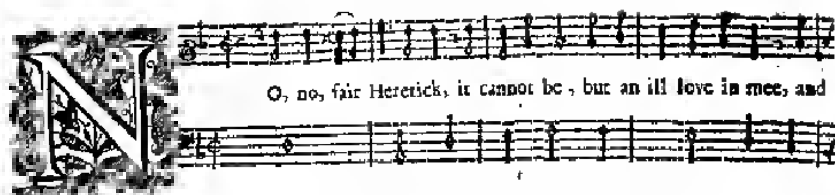
Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

Till time destroy those blossoms of thy youth,
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,
 But who can tell thy fate?
 And say that when this Beauty's done,
 This Lovers Torch still'll burn on;
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth
 Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
 Departed long ago;
 And at this ebbing tide,
 Have us'd thee as a Bride
 Who's only true
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

Loves torrid Zone.

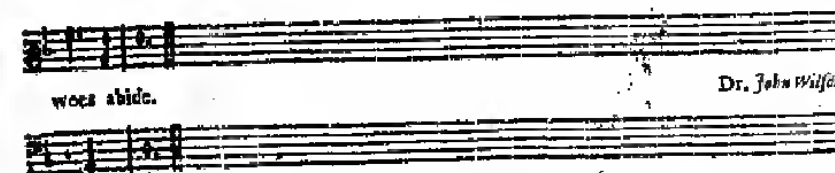
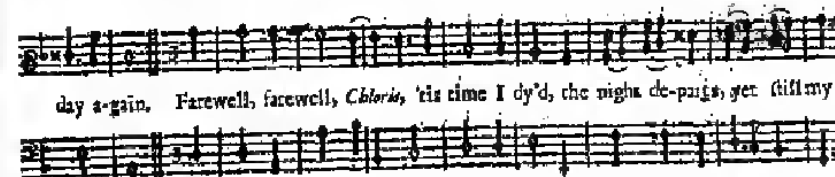
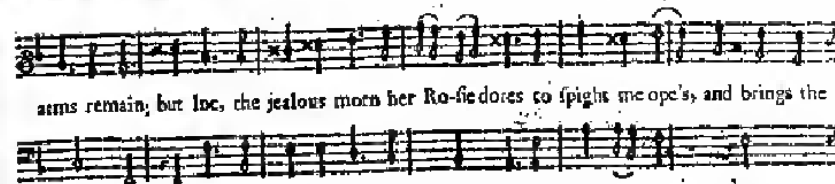
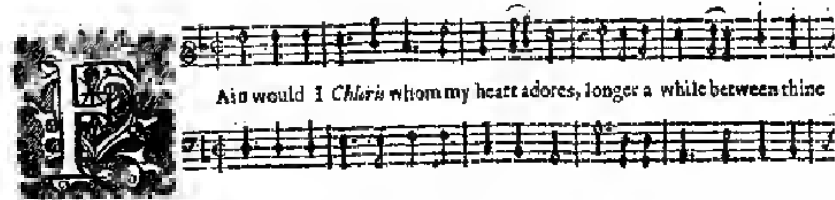


Mr. Henry Lawes.

II.

True love is still the same
The Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love grown cold, or hot
Is lust and friendship, not
The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love, more than I can expresse,
And would know more, could I but love thee lesse.

To his Chloris at Parting.



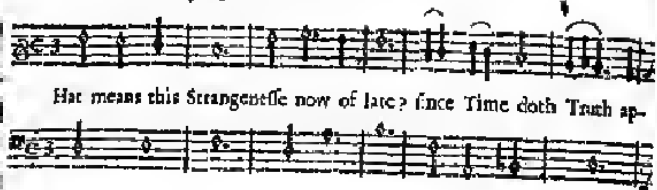
Dr. John Wilson.

II.

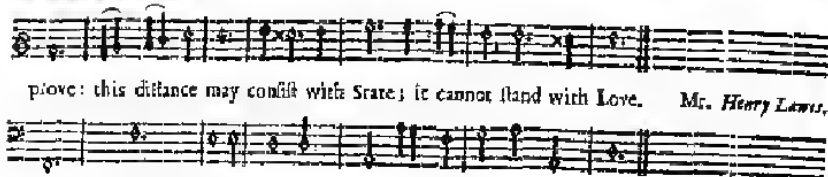
Hence fancy bearing Candle of the Skies,
Let us alone we, have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where Chloris eyes
Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

O night! whose sable vail was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, than the noisfull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore dost thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joys away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.

Coyne's in Love.

Has means this strange new now of late? Since Time doth Truth ap-



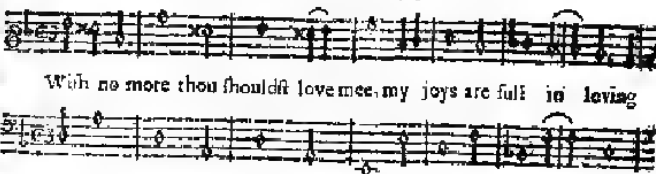
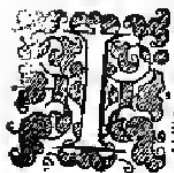
prove: this distance may consist with State; it cannot stand with Love. Mr. Henry Lewis.

'Tis either cunning or distrust,
That do such ways allow;
The first is base, the last unjust;
Let neither blamish you.

Speak but a word, or do but cast
One Look that seems to frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be mine own.

If you intend to draw me on,
You over act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not halfe this Art.

And such a faire and equall way
On both sides none can blame,
Since every man is bound to play
The fairest of his Game.

Love possess.

With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving

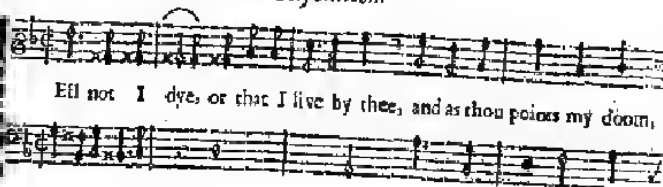
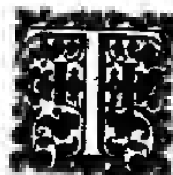


thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my blisse, if thou shouldst love me a-gain. Mr. Farmer.

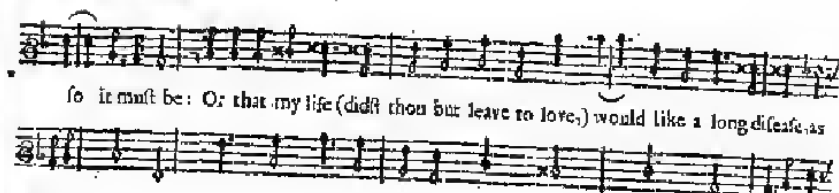
Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yer I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse than death.

Then still I sue for scorn or grace,
A lingering life, or death embrace;
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
Than cruel life can yield thee praise;
It shall be counted who so dies,
No murder, but a sacrifice.

A Lovers Resolution.

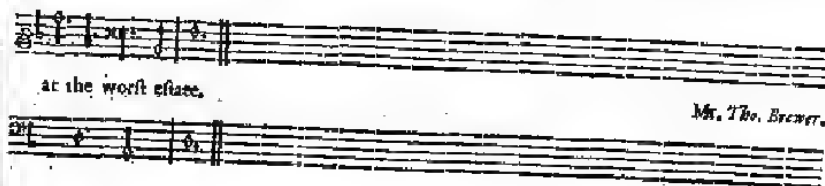
Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doom,



so it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as



weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof against his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

II.

III.

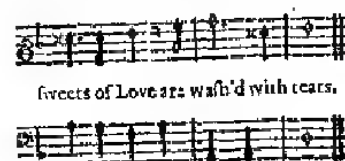
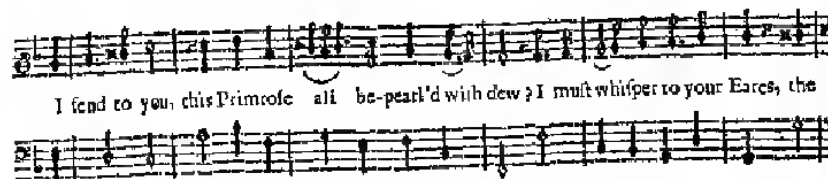
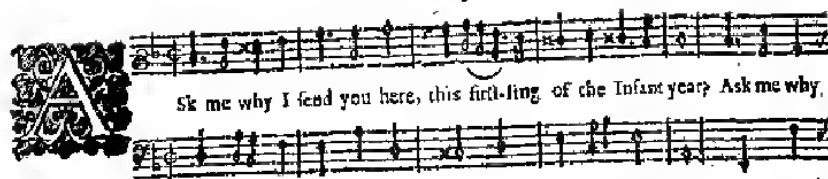
'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;
Most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty;
Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

I know the humour of your Sex is such
You se't could value any one thing much;
For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd;
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou stear'st thy course, so mine shall move.

IV.

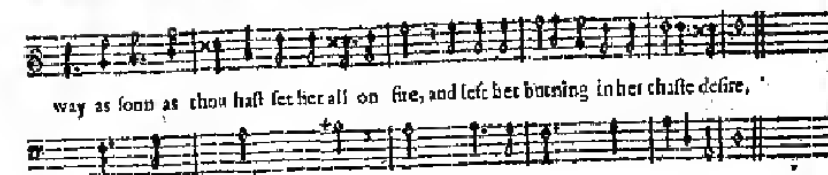
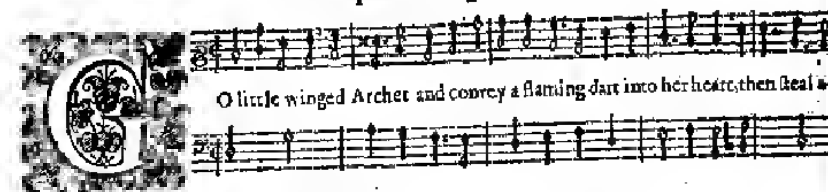
He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-gee,
Is his own man, not slave to any wee;
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Still o'recommen of my destinie;
Yer know I love, thou I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to late,

The Primrose.



Ask me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

Cupid's Embassy.



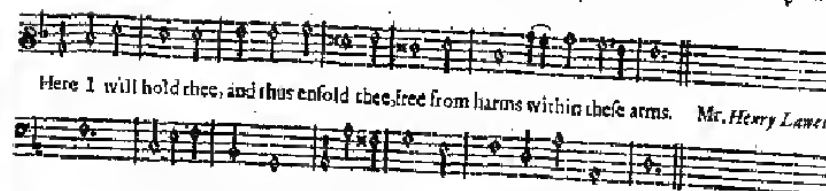
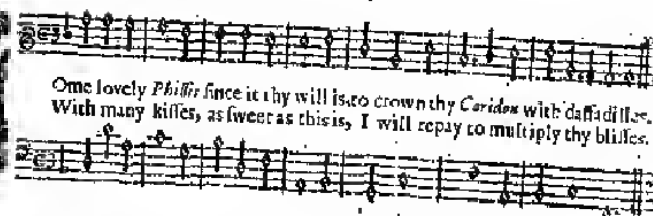
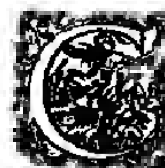
II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she
When that her eyes
Do tyrannize
May pity me;
And know the flame that hath my heart possess'd
By the dis temper of her scorched breath.

III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame
With smiles which fly,
Oft as her eye,
I'll do the same;
So may we love, and burn, but ne'er expire,
While we add fuel to each others fire.

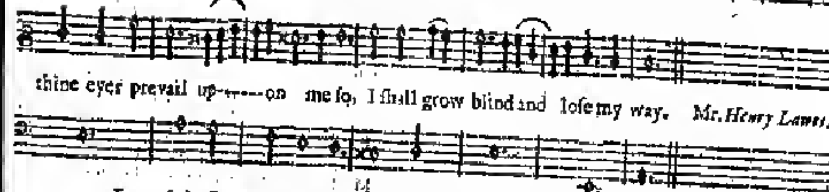
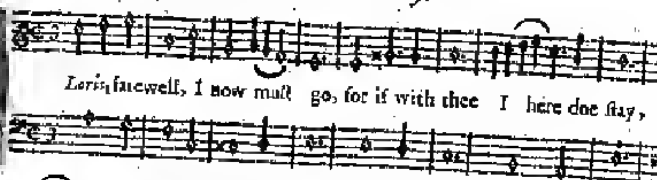
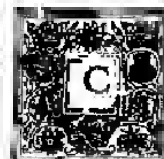
Coridon to his Phillis.



Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lower, the banks no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their sales enchanting,
Mine may rain, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enlam'd,
Where not so be so, youth were rather sham'd
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feel the fire of loves desire.

On Chloris attractive Beauty.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought;
Finding this same fall thou of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to another will;
Yet see thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
My self leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twere not thy fault
That thou did'st thus unconscionable prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

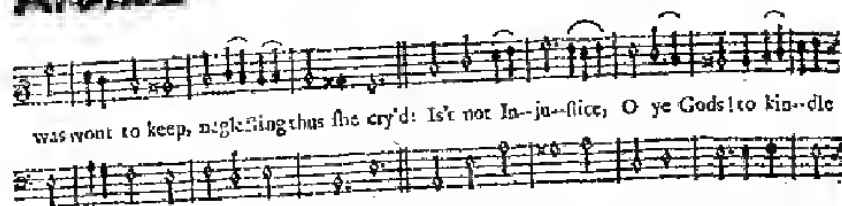
No chide, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That Strangers shall at distance burn,
And the distant one Reprober.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant men as home.

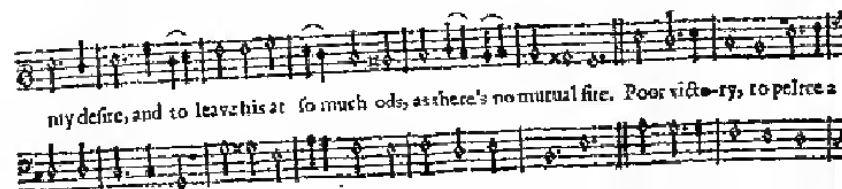
Clara forsaken, thus complains.



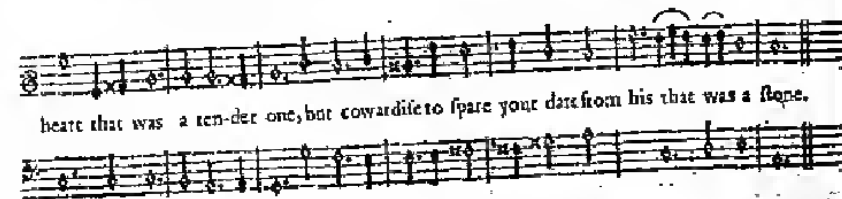
Her false love made Clara weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-jus-tice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave this at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-tim, to please a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardly to spare your date from his that was a stone.

Dr. John Wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blondbard face appears,
Now out also, said she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little draws and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equal my desire.

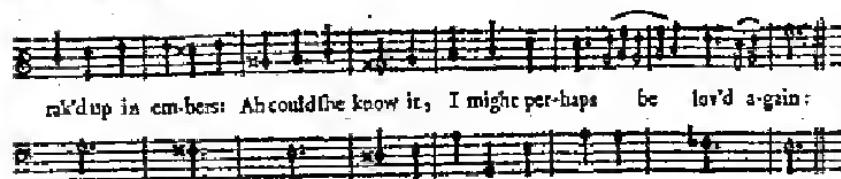
Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in less form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be elop'd.

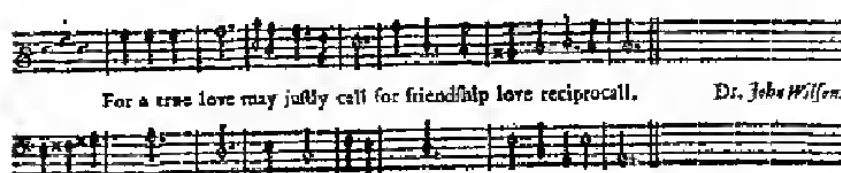
Reciprocal Love.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in.



mak'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love reciprocally.

Dr. John Wilson.

II.

Some gentle courteous wind berry me,
A sigh by whispering in her ear,
Or let some pious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
By often drops receives a dint.

III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak;
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speak:
Go then my Muse, and let this verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Heart.

Clara forsaken, thus complains.



Her false love made Clara weep, and by a river side her flock which she

was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-jus-tice, O ye Gods! to kin-dle

my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-tim, to per-tice a

heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardly to spare your dart from his that was a squire.

Dr. John Wilson

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Down from her love-lick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
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Wherein her blouard face appears,
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How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

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In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
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Yet as flames multiply,
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My love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espi'd.

Reciprocal Love.



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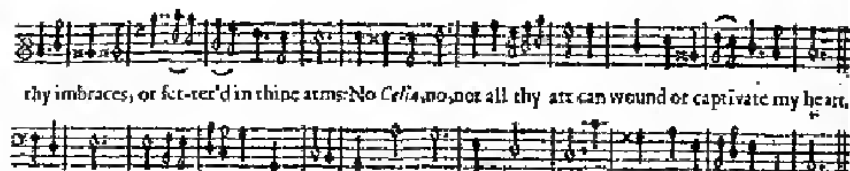
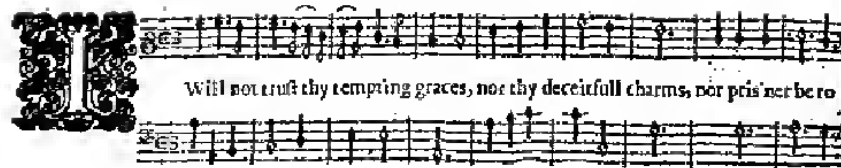
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Or let some pious flower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,
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That is already too too weak;
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Bring back my Life, or else my Heart.

On Loves deceitful Charms.



II.

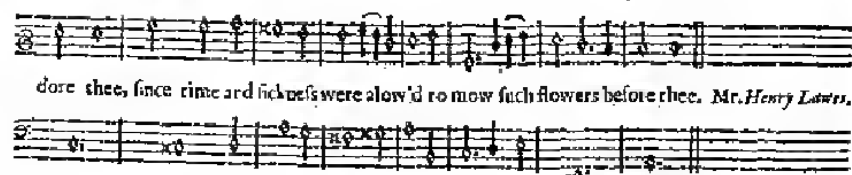
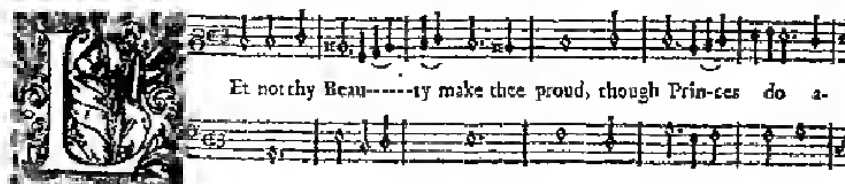
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,
Nor warren with thy hair,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or thine my soul consume:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. *Jeremy Savill*.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If thou would'st mine should captive be,
Thou must think over-reigne:
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Than Love or Beauty could before.

Beauty a fading Ornament.



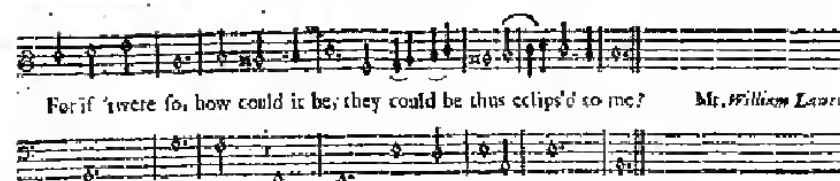
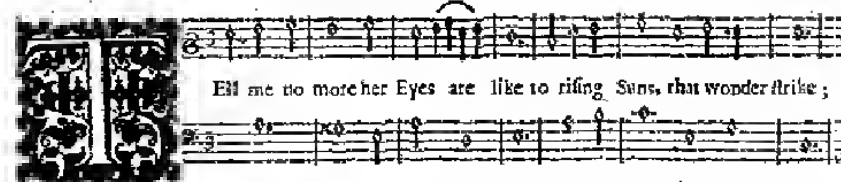
II.

Nor be not thy to that degree
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming, or so free,
That every fly may blow thee;
A state in every princely brow,
As decent is requir'd,
Meth more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mine
With an attractive mildness;
I may like *Venus* fix betwixt
The extremes of pride and silence.
Then every eye that sets thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will gape
Thy virtue with a story.

Beauty in Eclipse.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-bushe of her eye?

Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres
Compas'd to her voyce, fright our ears;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

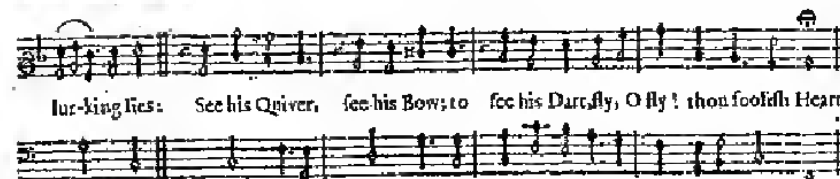
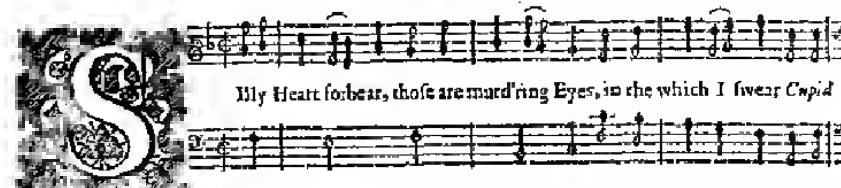
No, say her Eyes Portenders are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feel from that fair fire
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;
Else they would soften and relent
With sighs inflam'd, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon,
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;
Else she would constant once remain
Either to pity or disdain.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no less cruel there to kill,
Where life doth but increase the ill.

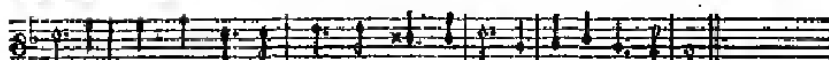
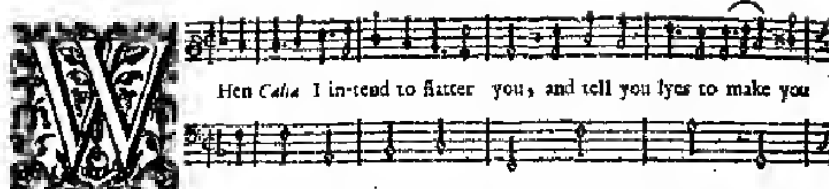
Cupid detected.



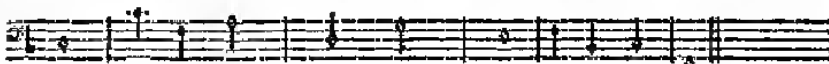
Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams
Causing hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring flames:
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:
Cupid Shooting, *Cupid* Daring, and his Band
Mortal powers cannot withstand.

Lovers Flattery.

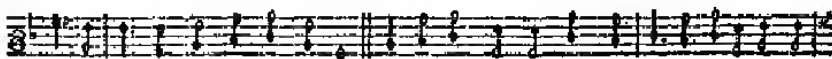
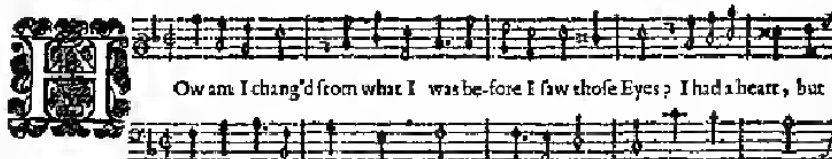


and I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you believe it too. Dr. Colman.

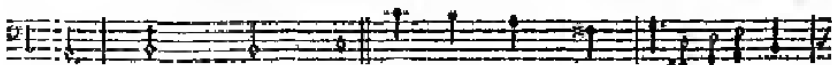


Oh have I match'd you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like hath nature made,
Only in this, * But 'tis
You prick my hand and fade,
When I praise your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrails pull,
And show
Thir new fallen snow, *
Is not more beautifull,
Oh have I said there is no precious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
Though I Whilst I
No stone espy, * Before you ly, *
Unless your heart be one. They might be had with ease.

Lovers Theft.



now a-las, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her



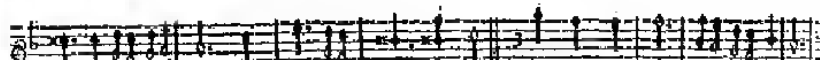
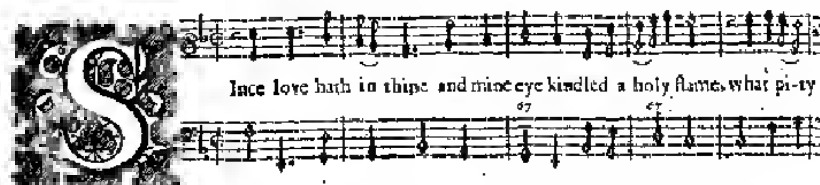
why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers to supply. Dr. Colman.



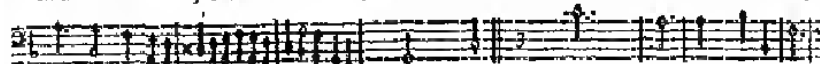
Thus am I left to count my grief,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no relief,
O'er ought that's true delight.

I'm therefore on some River side
Wanders to break my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how *Nylar* dy'd
That I might do so too.

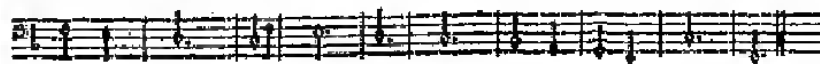
Power of Love.



'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tinct by day,



disclose their flames at night, and in a sible sense convey their loves in beams of light.



Dr. John Wilson.

II.

So when the jealous Eye and Ear
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear
Of being heard or spi'd,
What though our Bodies cannot meet
Lovers fuels more divine;
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyn.

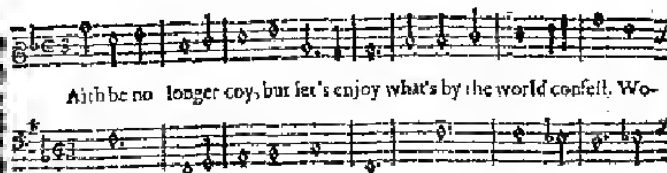
III.

False Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they cover to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light,
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No vestall shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.

IV.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eye at mine;
And when I feel mine waste away
I'll take new fire from thine.

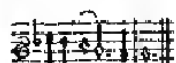
A Motive to Love.



Altho be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest. Wo-

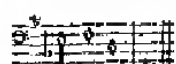


-men love best: thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shall be old,



Do'th think that nature can
For every man,

and cannot doe.



Had she more skill, provide
So fair a Bride?

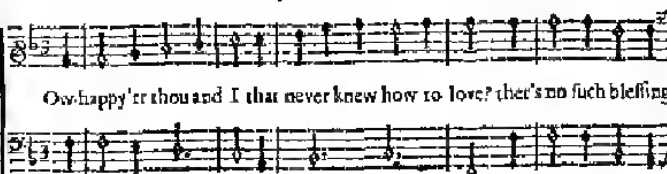
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?

No, without she did intend
To serve the Husband and his friend,

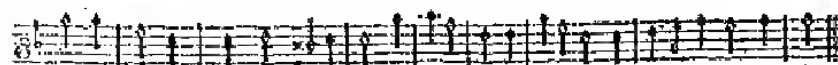
To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their Servants loves;

But on the riper years
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you.

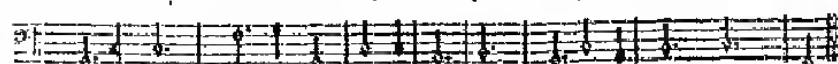
On Liberty.



Ow happy'r thou and I that never knew how to love? there's no such blessing



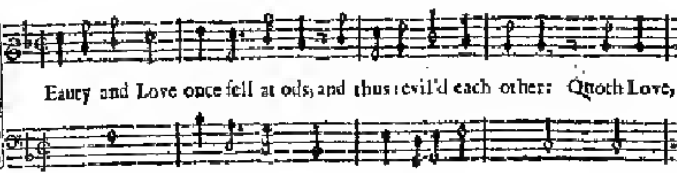
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife man loves.



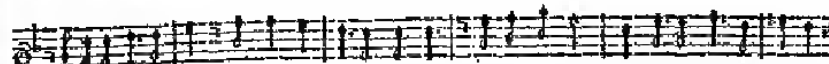
Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass that believes her fair, that is not kind and free:
There's nothing sweeter, there's nothing sweeter to man, but Liberty.

I'll tie my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

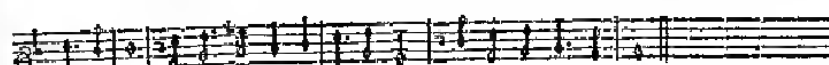
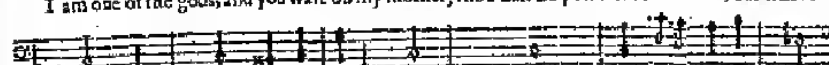
Beauty and Love at odds.



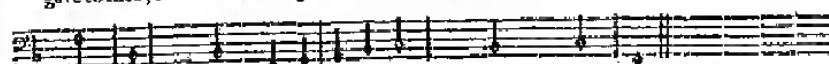
Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revild each other: O'roth Love,



I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I



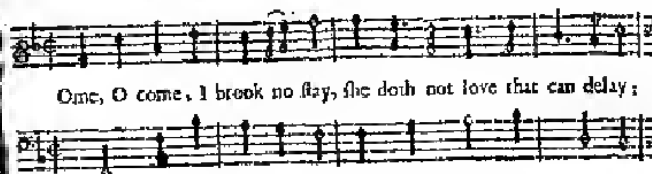
gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes.



Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
Against Cupid and his power.

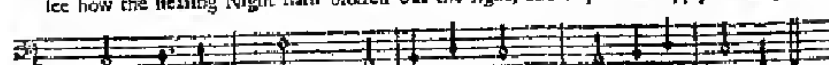
Love admits no Delay.



Come, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;



see how the Healing Night hath blotter'd out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.



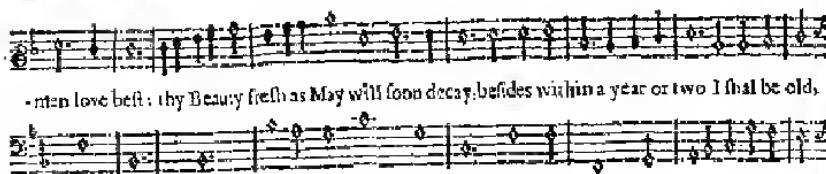
To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourteen at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames out Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gon,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expires,
Not able to hold fire;
She loath Time that lyes alone.

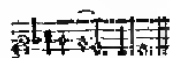
Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then these powers,
While we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
Our sprightly kisses strike the hour.

A Motive to Love.

Let be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest, Wo-



-men love best: thy Beauty fresh as May will soon decay, besides within a year or two I shall be old,



Do't think that nature can
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IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

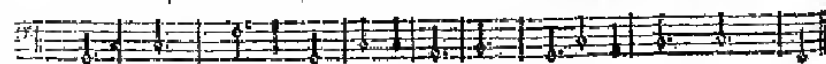
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here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wise man loves.

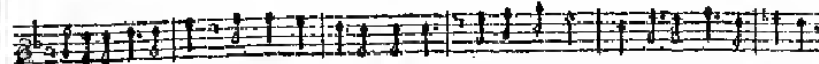
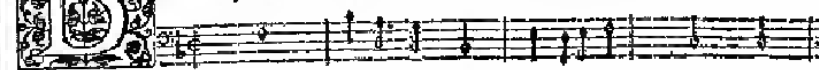


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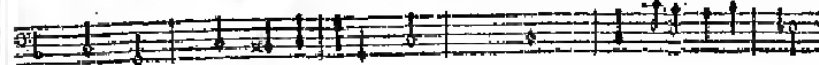
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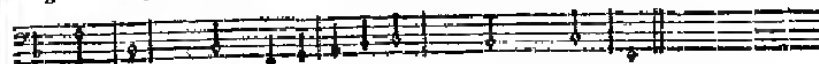
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I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no pow'r ore man at all, but what I



gave to thee; nor art thou longer fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me. Mr. Henry Lawes,

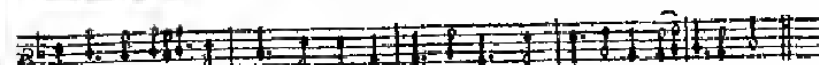


Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind drive;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

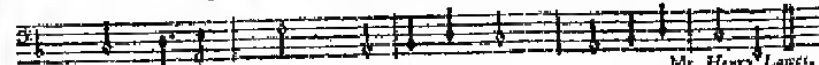
Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
Gainst Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.

Come, O come, I brook no stay, she doth not love that can delay;



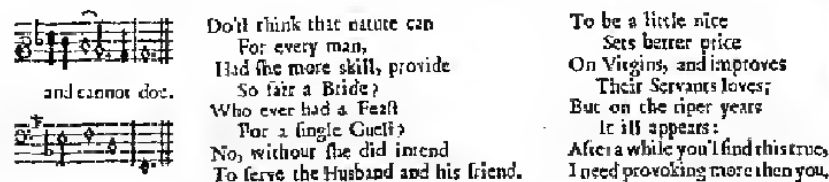
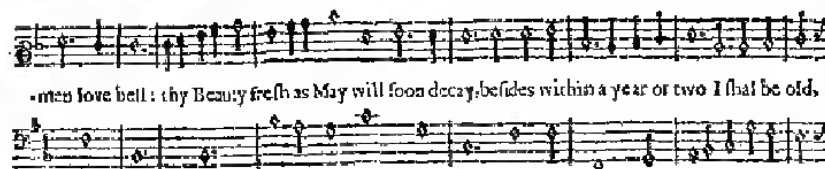
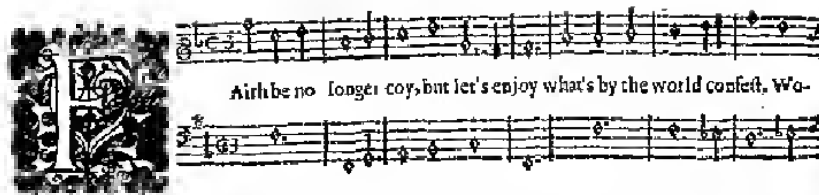
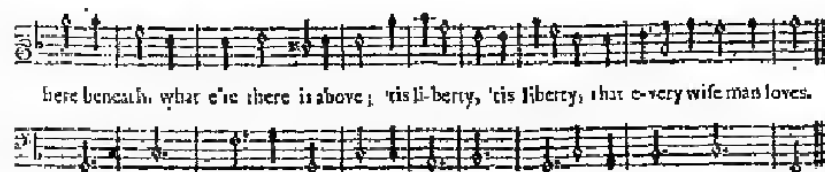
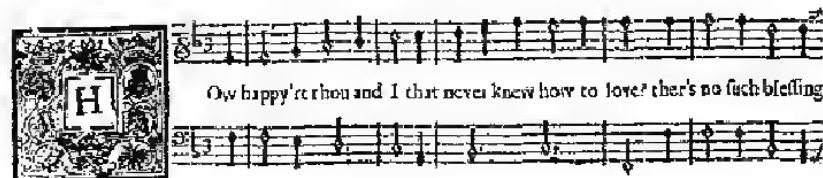
see how the healing Night hath blotter'd out the light, and Tapers do supply the day.



To be Chaste is to be Old,
And this foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen,
Desires do write us govern;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

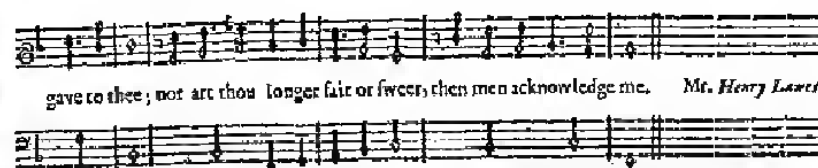
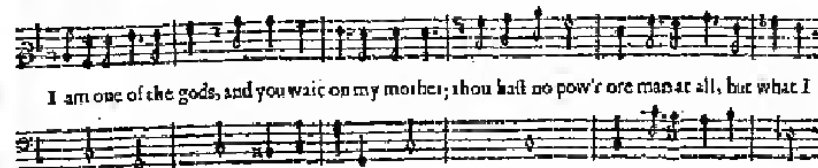
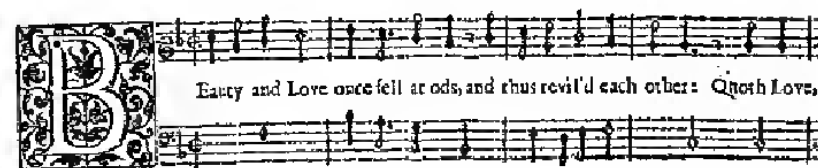
See the first Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expires,
Nor able to hold fire;
She loath'd Time that lyes alone,

Mr. Henry Lawes.
Let us cherish then the powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When so Dull Zealous Chaste,
Be. Spightfull kisses strike the hour.

A Motive to Love.*On Liberty.*

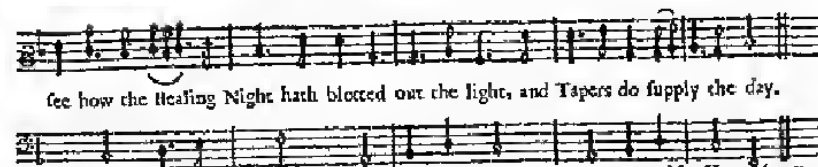
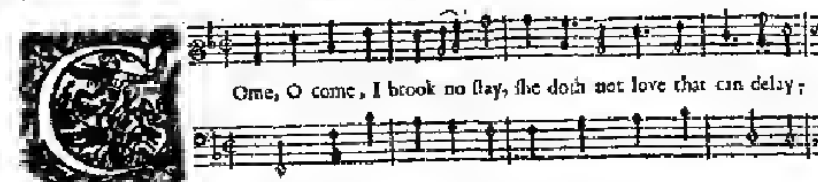
Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder me,
And he's an Ass believes her tale, that is not kind and free:
That's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet to me, but Liberty.

I'll eye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise,

Beauty and Love at odds.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
Gainst Cupid and his power.

Love admits no Delay.

To be Chaste is to be Old,
And that foolish Girl that's cold
Is fourteen at fifteen,
Desires do write us green;
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gone,
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expires,
Nor able to hold thee;
She loath Time that lyes alone,

Mr. Henry Lawe.
Let us cherish then these powers
Whiles we yet may call them ours;
Then we best spend our Time,
When no Dull Zealous Chime,
But sprightly kisses strike the hour.

The Anglers Song.

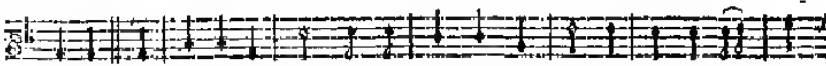
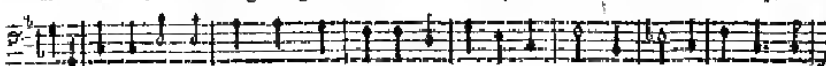
For a Vnc. Treble and Bass.



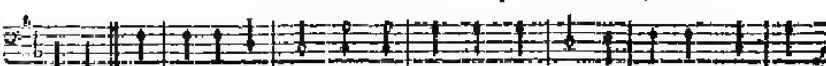
Ans Life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain and sorrow, and short



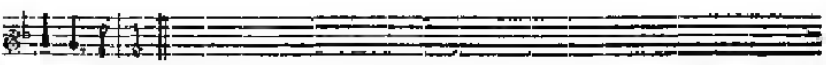
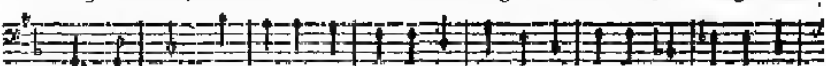
as a Bubble; 'Tis a Hodg Podg of businesse, and Money and Care, and Care and Mony, and



trouble. But we'll take no Care when the Weather proves Fair, nor will we Vex now

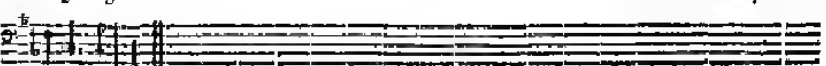


though it Rain; wee'll banish all Sorrow, and Sing till to morrow, and Angle and



Angle again.

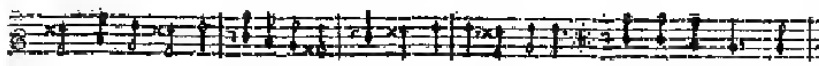
Mr. Henry Lawes.



On Attractive Beauty.



Oft see how unregarded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a

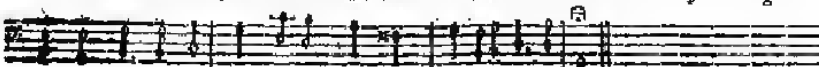


time when I did vow to that alone, but mark the fate of Faces; That Red and White works



now no more on me; thin if it could not charm, or I not see.

Mr. John Goodgroome.



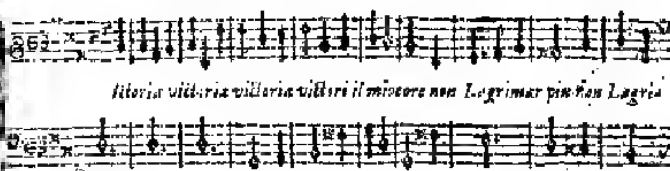
II.

And yet the Face continues good,
And I have still desires;
Ans still the self-same Flesh and Blood,
As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires;
Oh some kind power unridle where it lyes,
Whether my Heart be fickle or her Eyes.

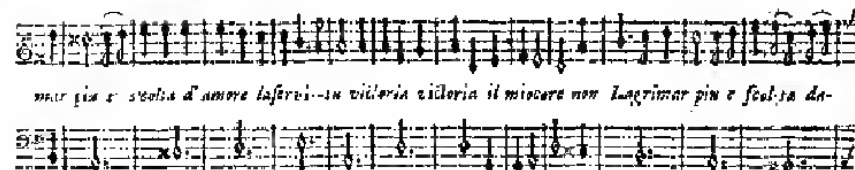
III.

She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often dye;
Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Myserie;
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

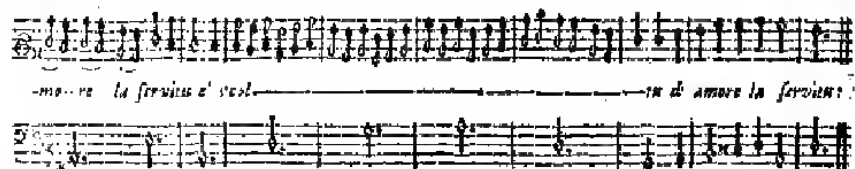
An Italian Ayre.



Vittoria vittoria vittoria vittoria il mio core non Lagrimar piu fan Lagria



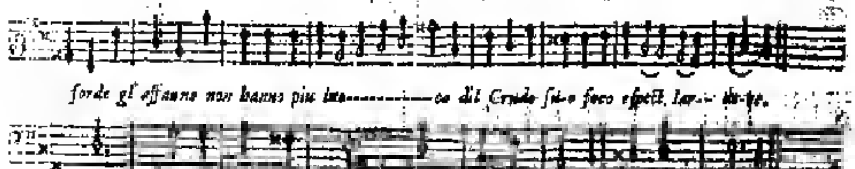
mar gia e scolta d'amore la ferui in vittoria vittoria il mio core non Lagrimar piu e scolta da



ma-re la ferui e scolt in d'amore la ferui



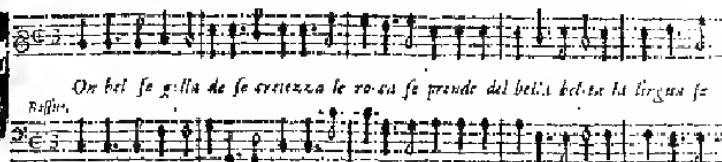
Gia l'empia i tuoi danni fra stuoli disguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di- so-ve gliu ganno la



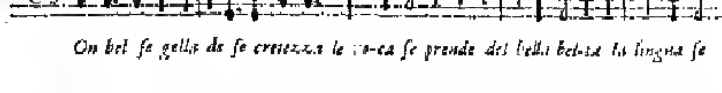
forde gl'offanno non hanno piu ma- co del Crudo suo foco spenti lar- do-ge.

An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

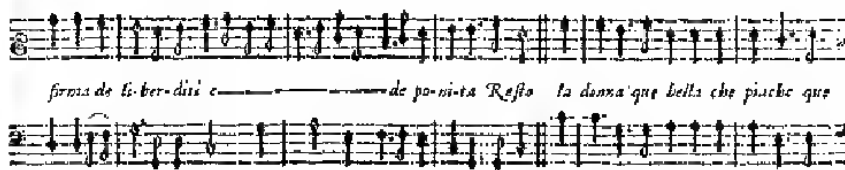
Cantus.



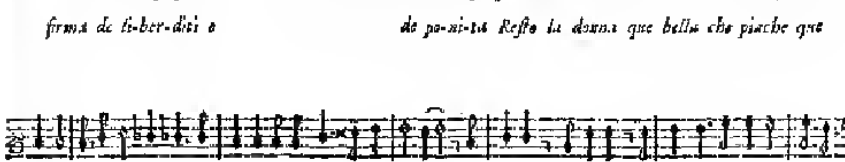
On bel se gella de se creanza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



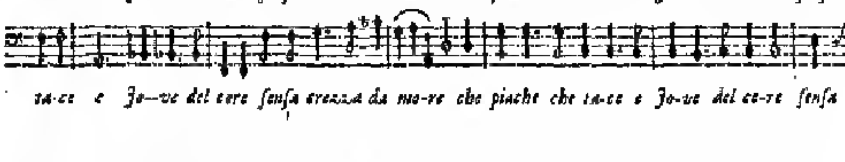
On bel se gella de se creanza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



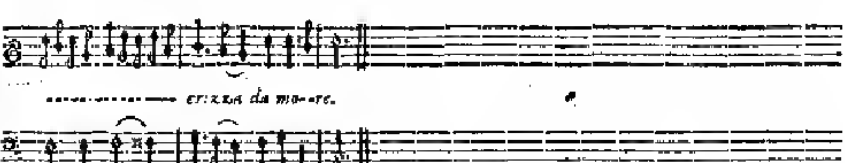
firma de li-ber-di e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



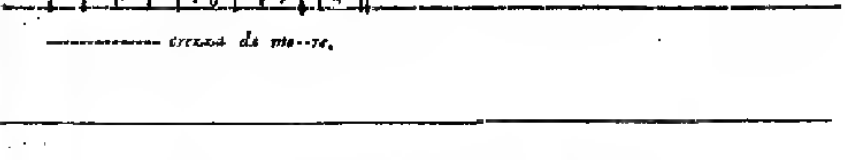
firma de li-ber-di e de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza creanza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re senza



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza creanza da mo-re.



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza creanza da mo-re.

Here endeth the AYRES for One or two Voyces
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.

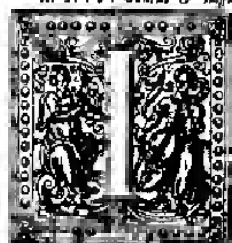


SECOND BOOK:
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES
For TWO VOYCES:

To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

A. 2. For *Canon & Basses.*



Phillis.

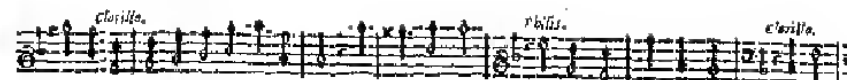
Præthee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?

Clorillo.

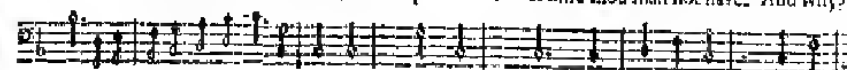
Phillis.

Firſt, let me have a kiſſe of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

but to my little flock will look, thou ſhalt have this imbroidred ſkrip and ſilver hook.

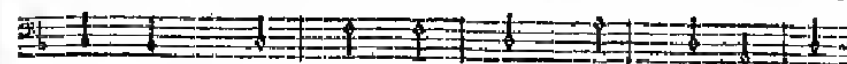


No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kiſſe. A kiſſe thou muſt not have. And why



Phillis.

Such enticements Maids muſt fly: this Garland thou ſhalt have of Roſes and of Liſt-lies.



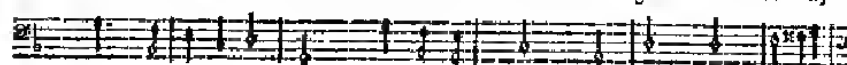
Clorillo.

Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland ſweeteſt *Phillis*, do I require, to kiſſe thy cheek and

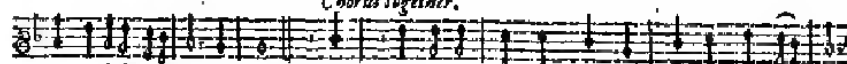


Phillis.

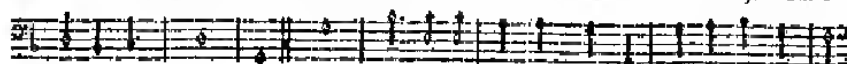
Roſe lip is onely my deſire. Take then a kiſſe, and let me goe, till I return thy



Chorus together.



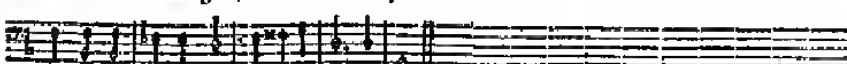
care upon my flocks beſlow. Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



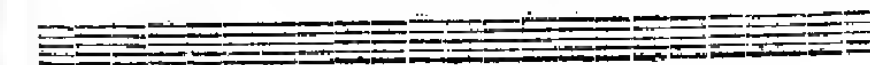
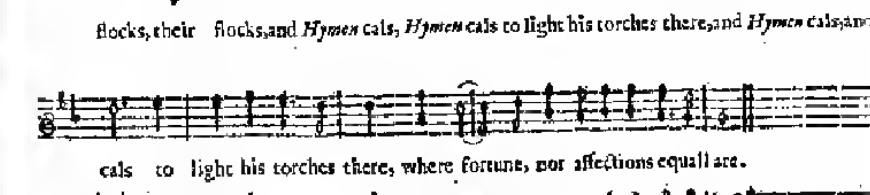
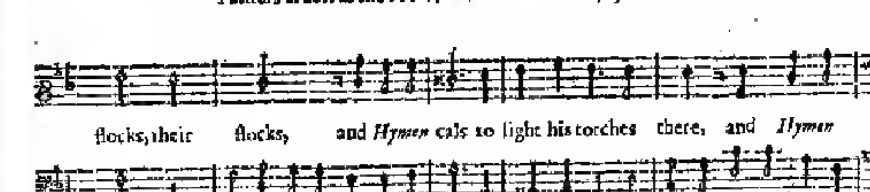
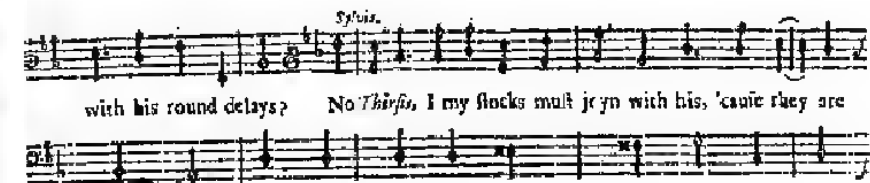
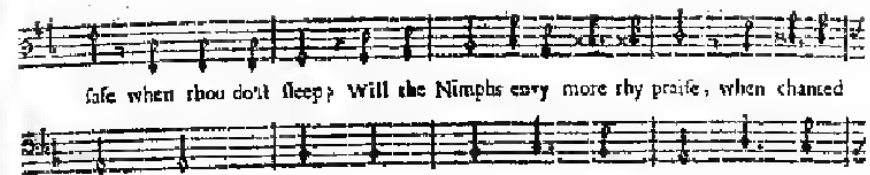
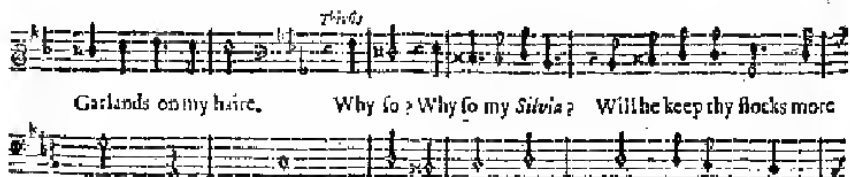
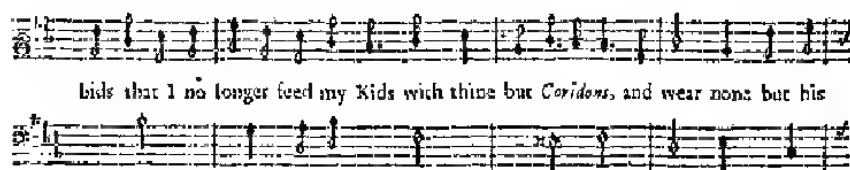
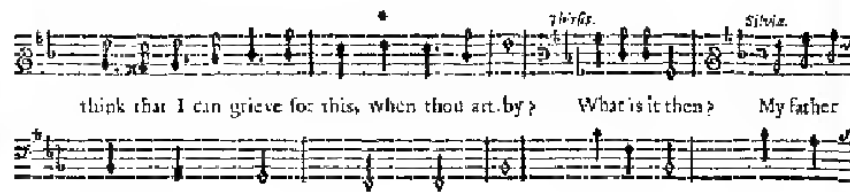
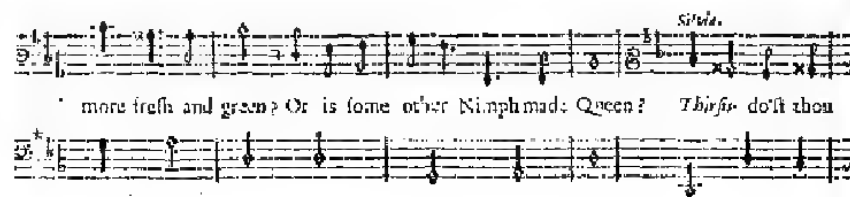
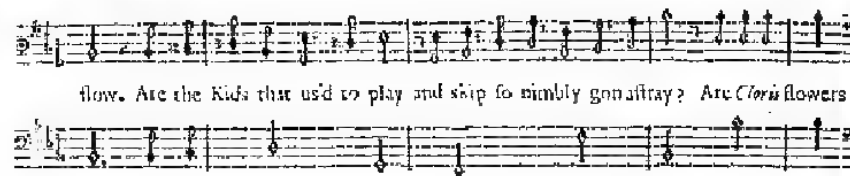
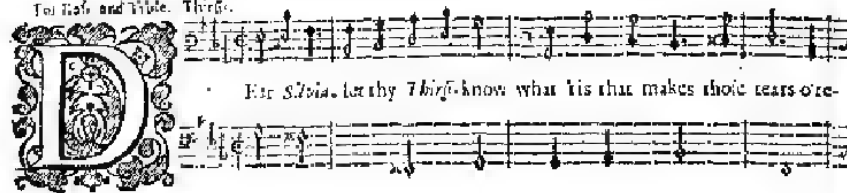
as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Kids and Vile. Thirsis.



Dr. Charles Coleman.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

C Once my Daphne, come away, we do waste the crystal day. 'Tis Strephon calls, what

Strephon.
would my Love? Come follow to the Mistle Grove, where Venus shall prepare new chapters for thy

Daphne.
hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd send my bark to follow thee. My Shepherdess make

Strephon.
haste, the minutes slide so fast, In those cooler shades, will I blind as Cupid kiss your Eye.

Strephon.
In thy bosom then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and

Chorus.
We'll laugh and
leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such
leave this world behind, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never find such

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty. Mr. Williams Lovers.
joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdess.

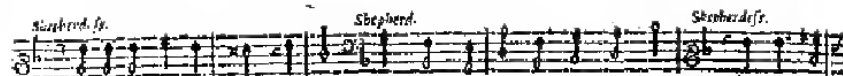
R Or bear food Swain, I cannot love. I pray thee fair one, tell me why

Shepherdess.
thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheep whilst

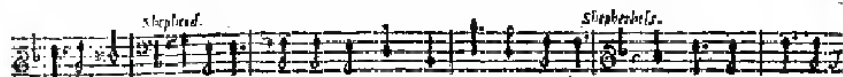
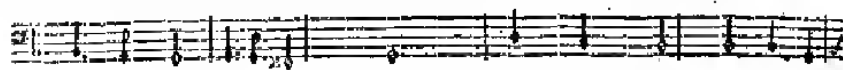
Shepherdess.
thou shalt play; Delight shall make each Mome a May. Those pleasant are unchristy hours.

Shepherd.
Thou shalt have the choicest flowers, wax and Honey, milk & wool, of ripest fruits thy belly full.

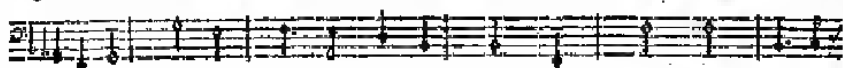
Shepherdess.
My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undistinguish'd go. *recit. fol.*



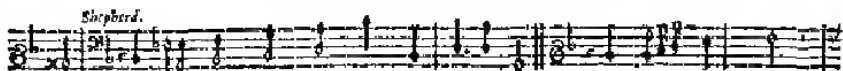
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



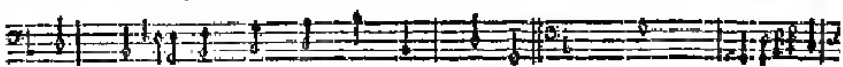
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



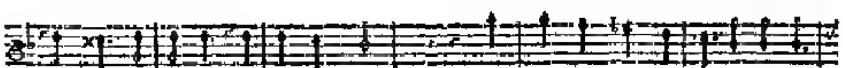
Chorus.



Ill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



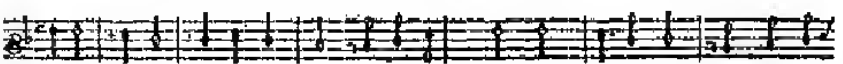
Then draw we



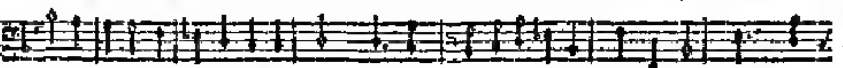
our flocks up higher, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together.



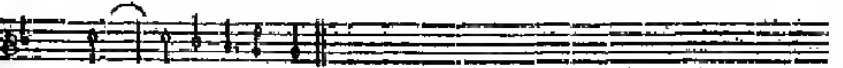
both our flocks up higher, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



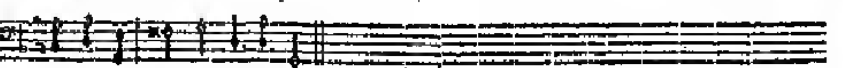
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste embraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



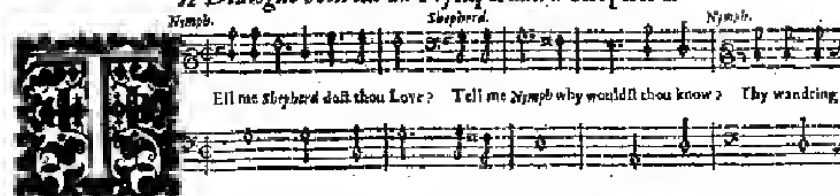
blameless as our sheep.



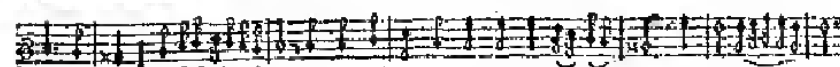
Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Cafar, alias Smörggill.

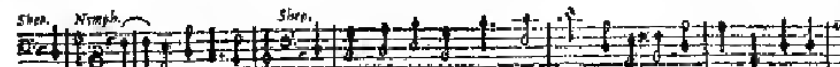
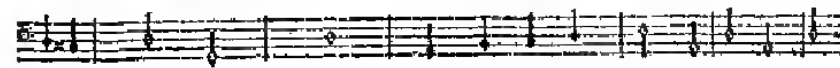
A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



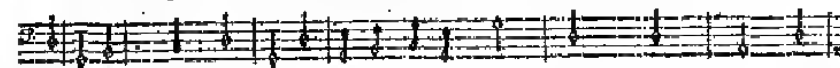
Ill me Shepherd dost thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering



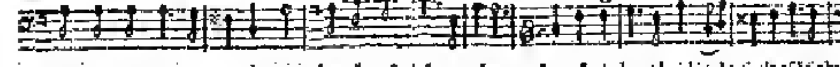
Flocks that without guide dost Rove thy blabb'd Eyes, that still with teares dost flow, makes me to ask.



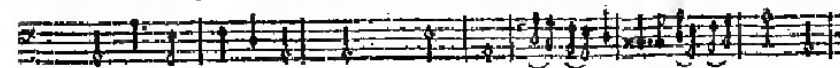
I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes Pleas'd doth her brightness borrow.



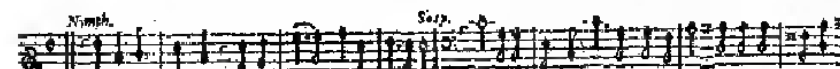
Chorus together.



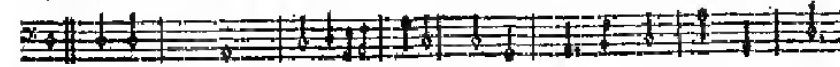
where Love did first my heart surprise, where since Eads late my fesson. Love sits unknown within the circle of bright



Love sits in thow'd within the circle of bright



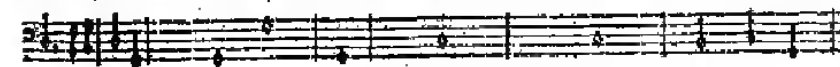
Eyes. Buerell me Shepherd, dost her Vertues Beauty equal? As she in Beauty dost all effects excel, so are her Vertues



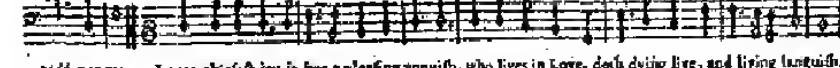
Eyes.



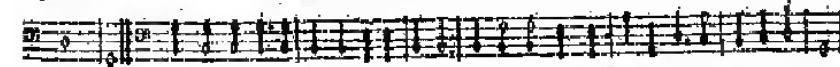
without parallel; Dost she disdain thee? No. Why grieve'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the



Chorus.



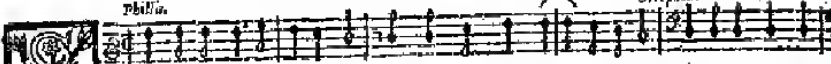
god, nor men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, dost dying live, and living languish.

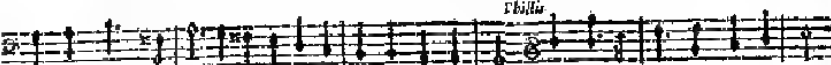


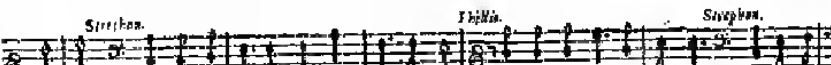
delect not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, dost dying live, and living languish.

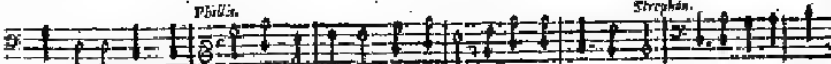
Mr. Nich. Lupton


A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.


Phillis.

 I heed in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis, I swear, since*

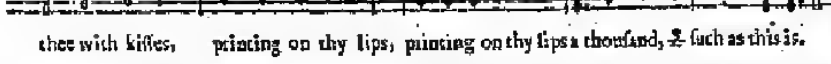
Phillis.

 I have caught thee now, upon thy rosy lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

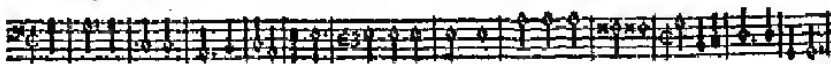
Strephon. *Phillis.* *Strephon.*

 constrain, Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis,*

Phillis. *Strephon.*

 leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend, Vain is all defence

Phillis. *Chorus.*

 and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me, Since I have thee e're I part,


Chorus.

 Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother


Chorus.

 thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

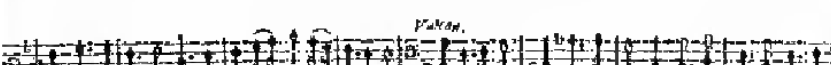
Chorus.

 Thus *Strephon* bold laid down his lovely *Phillis*, and kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

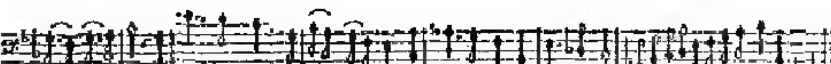
Mr. Nich. Laneart.

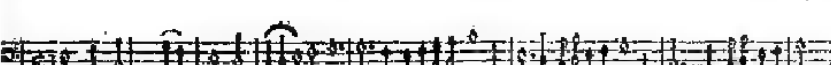
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.


Venus. *Vulcan.* *Venus.*

 Heav'n, *Vulcan*, O *Vulcan*, my Love! Who call! Who names me here, 'mong R Rince? Sweet, hear my

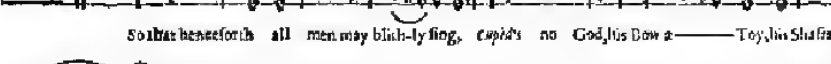
Venus. *Vulcan.*

 plaint, give forth my oath. Thy fearful power who dares displese? Alas, forlorn *Cupid* my wayward Son doth scorn

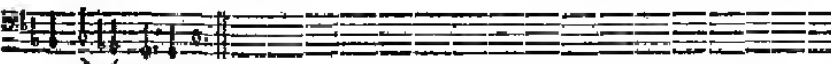
Vulcan.

 Loves just decree, my an' full heart and heavenly De-i-ty. Is he so bold & well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have

Vulcan.

 used to make of piercing steel, which Lo- vers feel, will temper lead & whose force is dull, and ———— it's dead,

Vulcan.

 So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shaft no fearful

Chorus.

 thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shaft

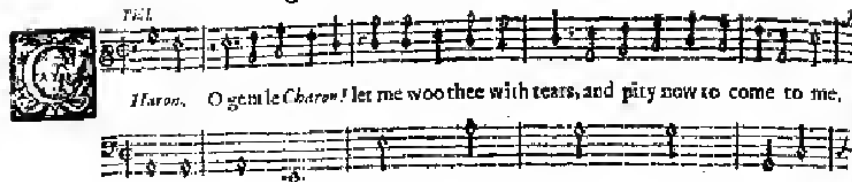
Chorus.

 So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ———— Toy, his Shaft

Chorus.

 no ———— fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawart.

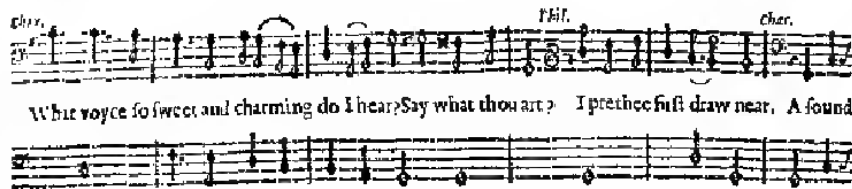
A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

Phil.



Charon. O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me,

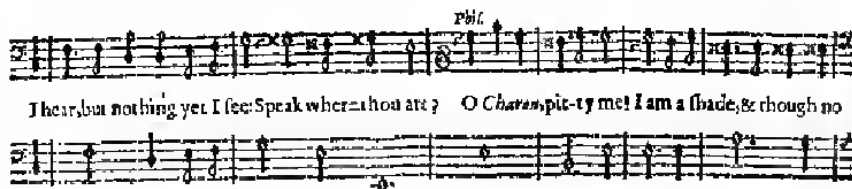
Char.



Phil. *Char.*

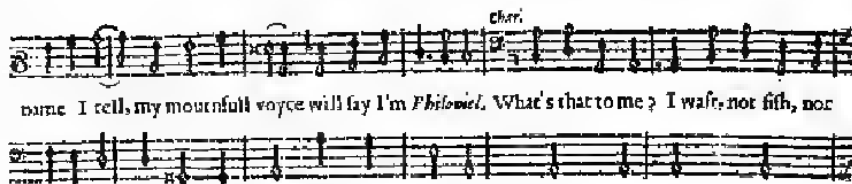
What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee fust draw near, A sound

Phil.



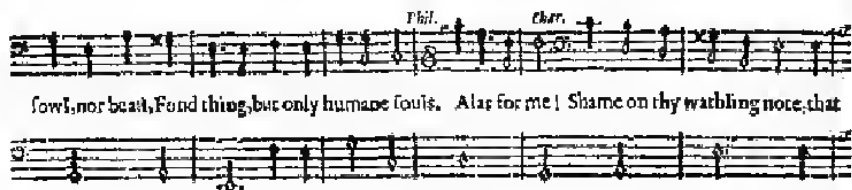
I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no

Char.



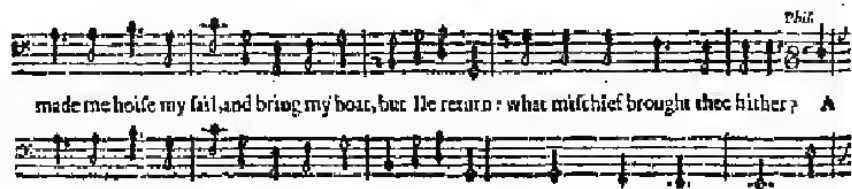
name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor

Phil. *Char.*



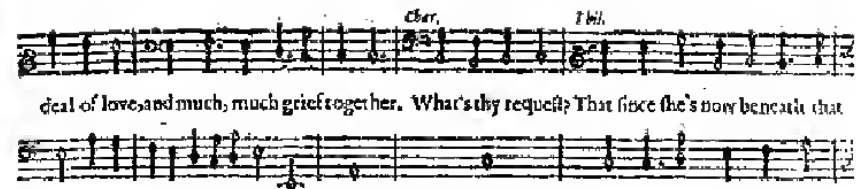
owl, nor beast, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy wailing note, that

Phil.



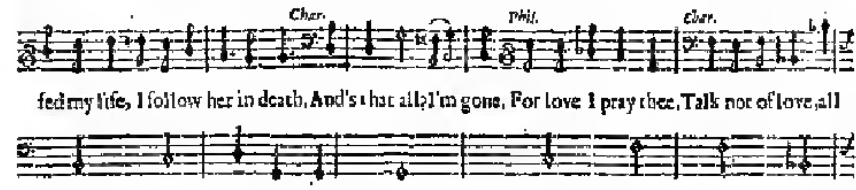
made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but He return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

Char. *Phil.*



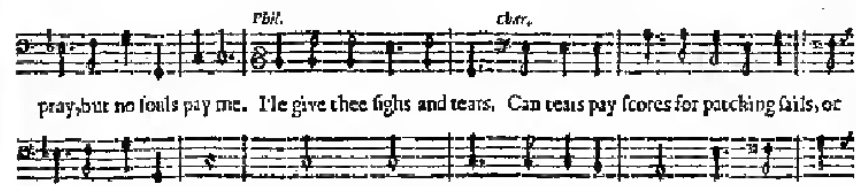
deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that

Char. *Phil.* *Char.*



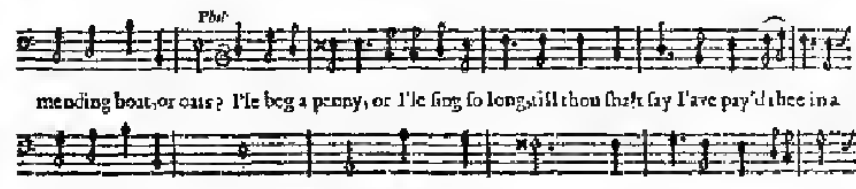
fed my life, I follow her in death, And'st that all I'm gone, For love I pray thee, Talk not of love, all

Phil. *Char.*



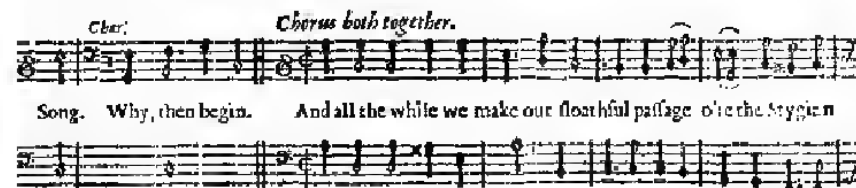
pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or

Phil.



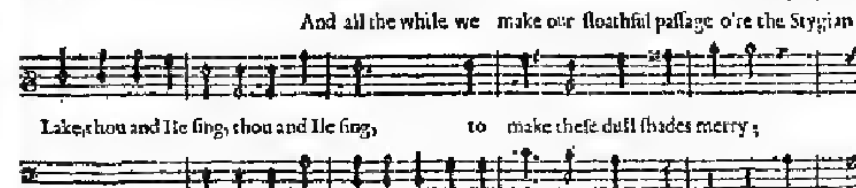
mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a

Char. *Chorus both together.*



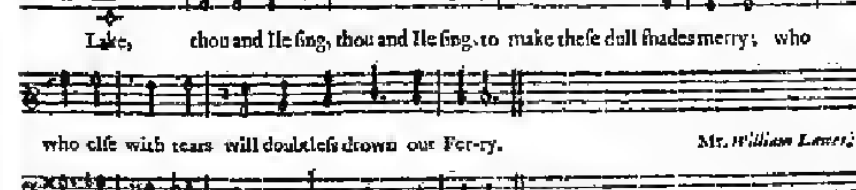
Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian

Phil. *Char.*



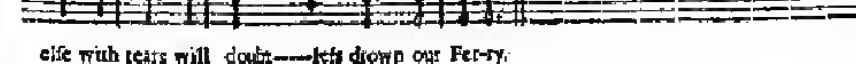
And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian

Phil. *Char.*



Lake, thou and He sing, thou and He sing, to make these dull shades merry;

Phil. *Char.*



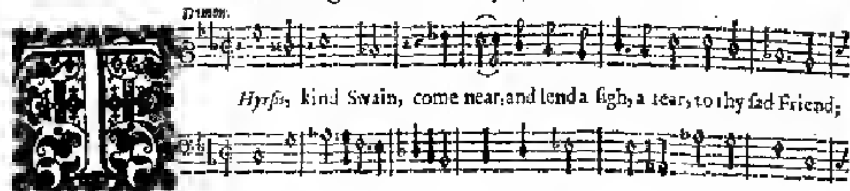
who else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.

Mr. William Lamer.

else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.

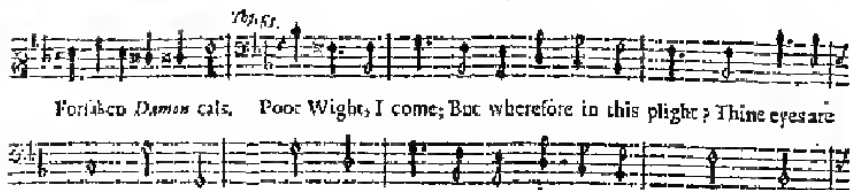
A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.



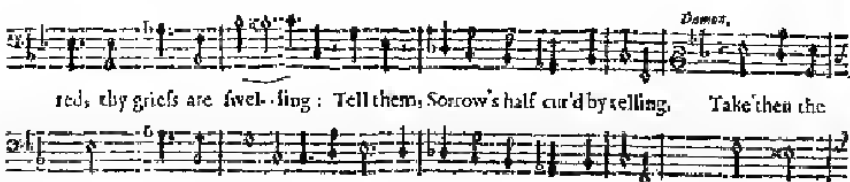
Thyrsis, Kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Thyrsis.



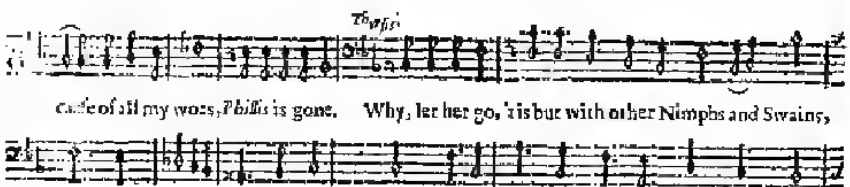
Forlorn Damon sits. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

Damon.

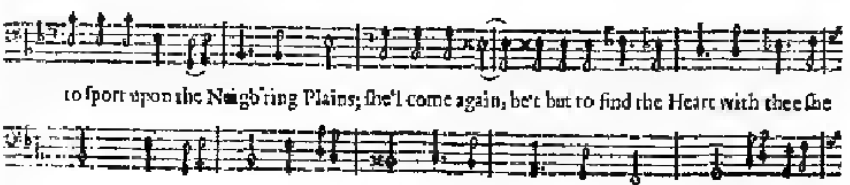


red, thy griefs are sweet-ning: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

Thyrsis.

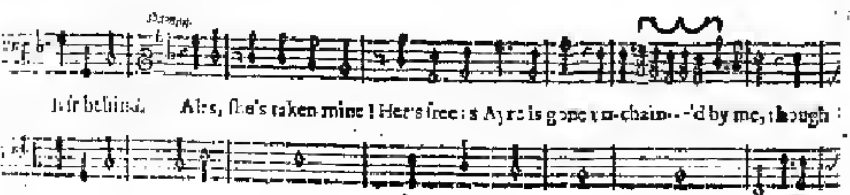


case of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

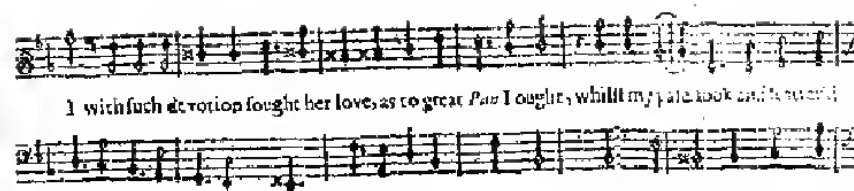


to sport upon the Neighbouring Plains; she'll come again, bet but to find the Heart with thee she

Damon.

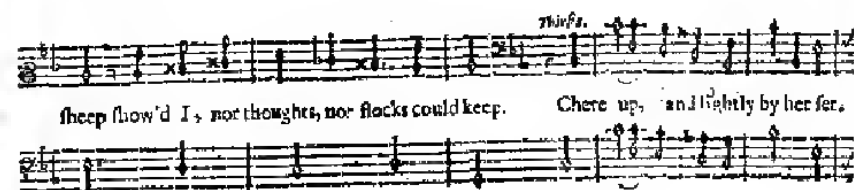


Isr behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: as *Ayr* is gone y-chain'd by me, though



I with such devotion fought her love, as to great *Pan* I ought, whilst my pale look and weary

Thyrsis.

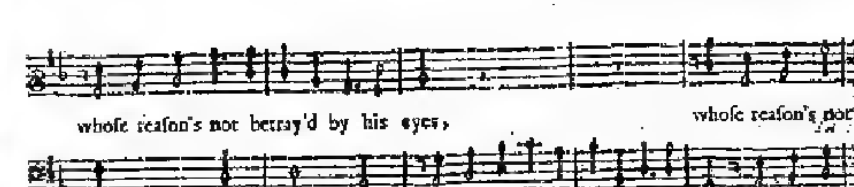


sheep shew'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and lightly by her ser.

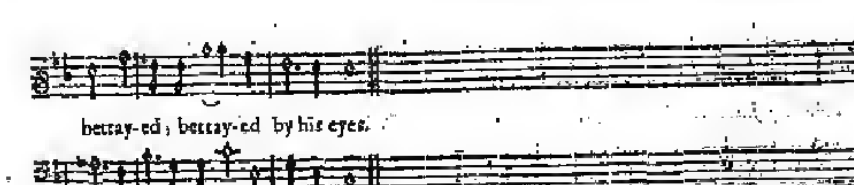
Damon. *Chorus.*



He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unries,



whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not



betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

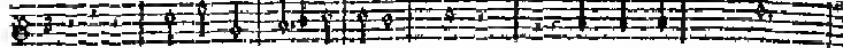
not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.



Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegargill.

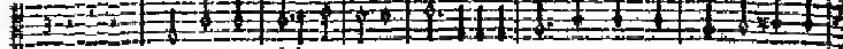
A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus, Chorus.



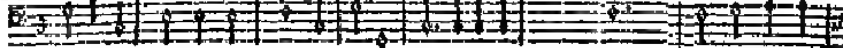
TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

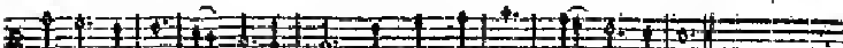


TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with we'l conjure

Bass.



TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'l conjure



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

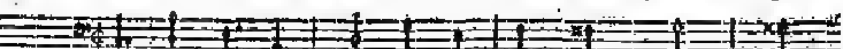


we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

First verse.



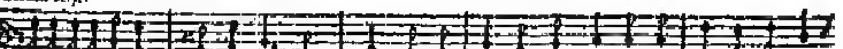
BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



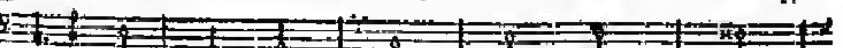
light, By Junos deceit, and by thy sad tears, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



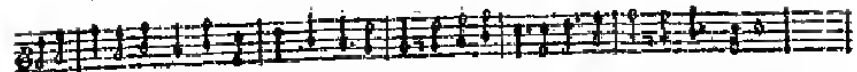
Second verse.



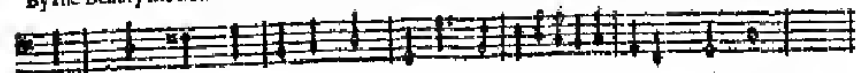
BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears fore oppress,



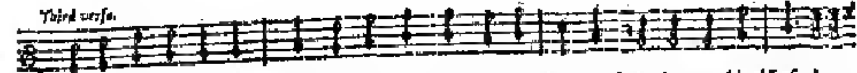
A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



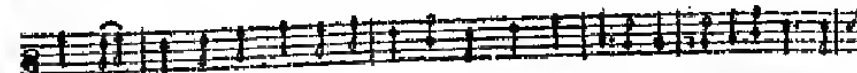
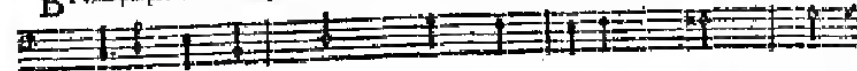
By the Beauty the Bed and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



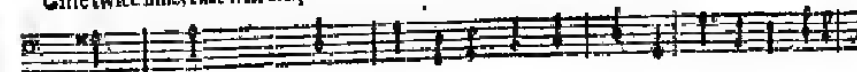
Third verse.



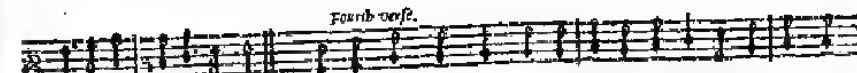
BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the Shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads, by a



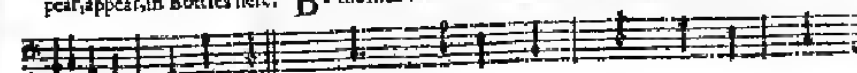
Girl twice nine, that will clasp like a Vine, that will clasp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



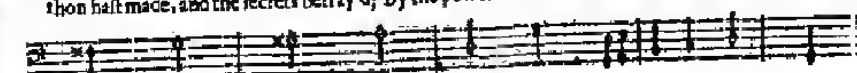
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship

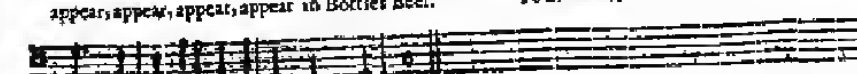


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.

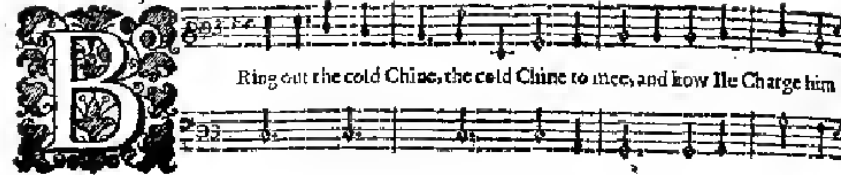


appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

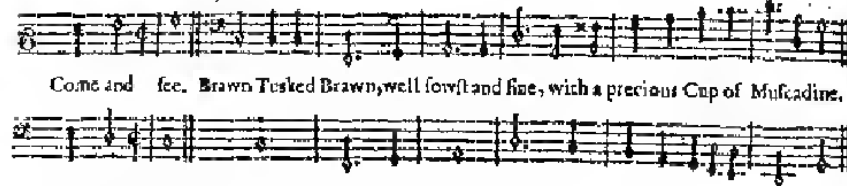
To Bacchus, &c.



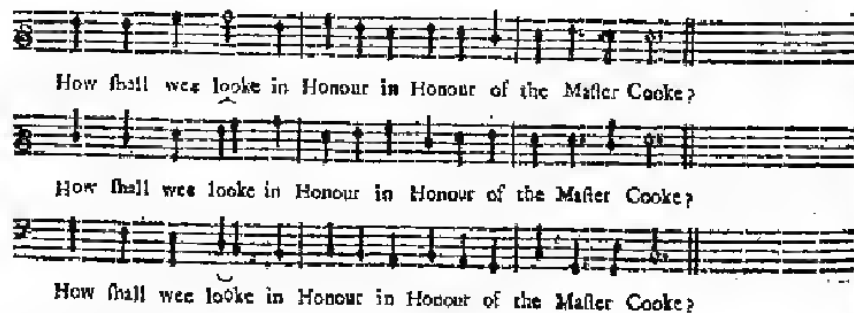
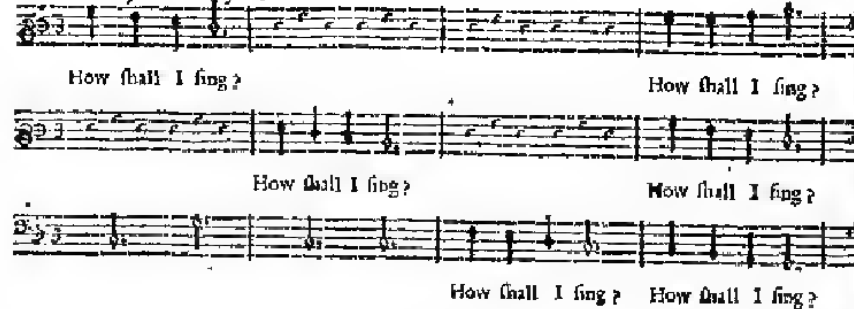
A Glee to the Cook,

A. 3. 1st. First Treble.

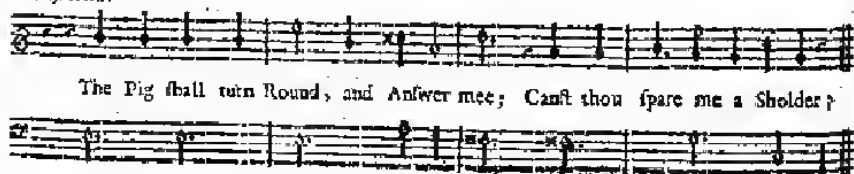
Softly alone.



Chorus for three Voyces.

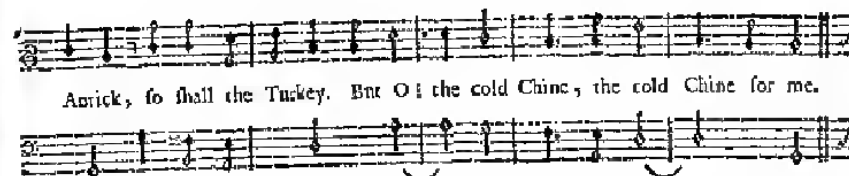
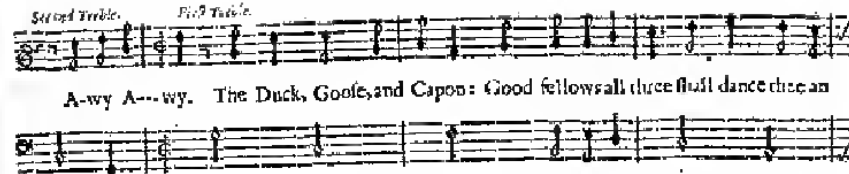


First Treble.

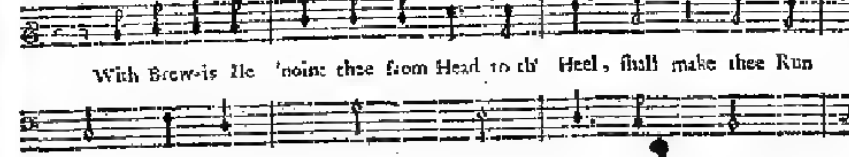


Second Treble.

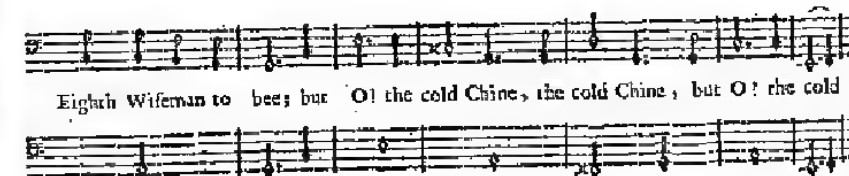
First Treble.



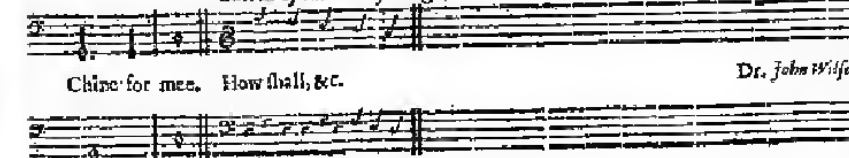
Second Treble.



Rit. Adagio.



Chorus of three Voyces again.



Dr. John Wilson

The Tinker.

A: Mel. Bass and Treble.



E that a Tinker a Tinker a Tinker would be, let him leave other

Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at

Night, and Datties, and Datties with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his

Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the

World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and calls his Cap at the Court and her

Care. When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run,

O! how the warren Wenches run.

Sings alone.

Some bring him basons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes,

Chorus.

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker,

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker, O! he is the Man of Mettle,

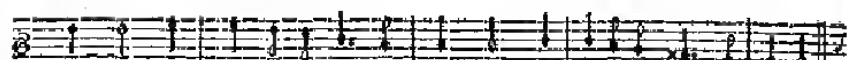
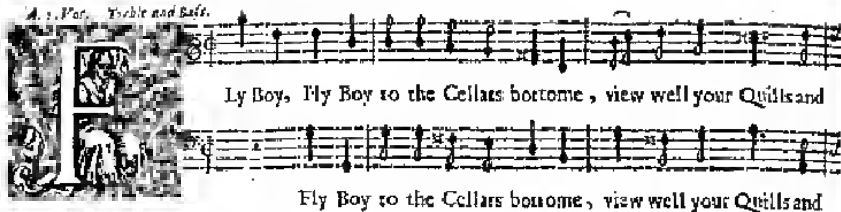
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

O! he is the Man of Mettle.

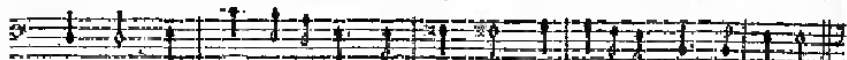
Dr. John Wilson.

A Glee.

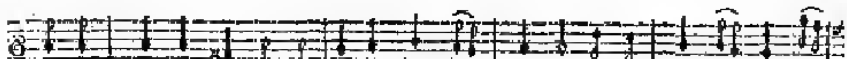
A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.



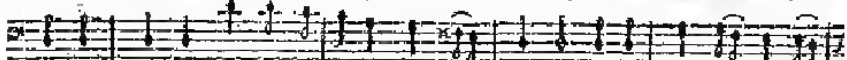
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

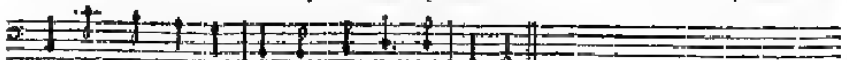


If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
being *Dialogues and Glee*s for two Voices,
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

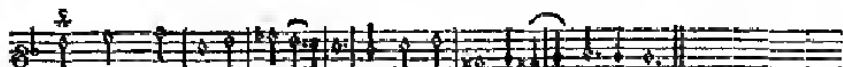
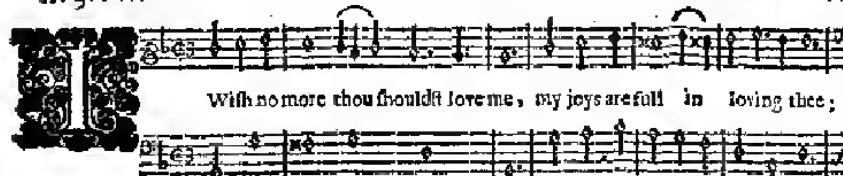
Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

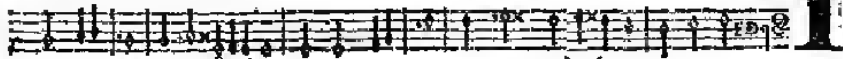
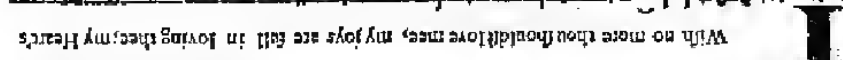
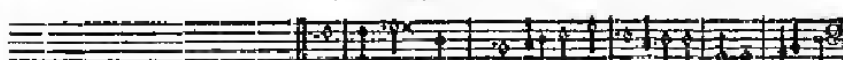
Mr. William Webb.



my Heart's too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.



too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

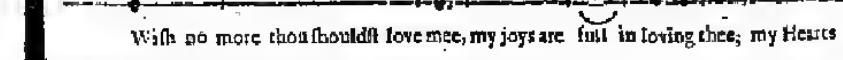
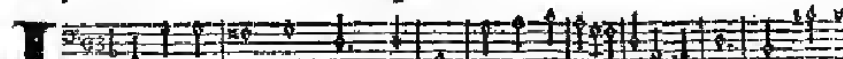


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



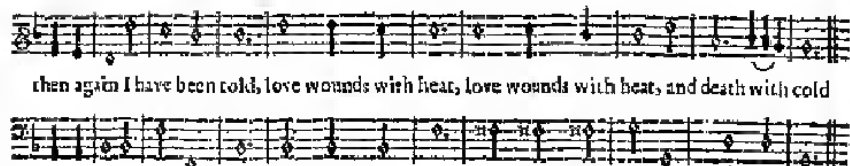
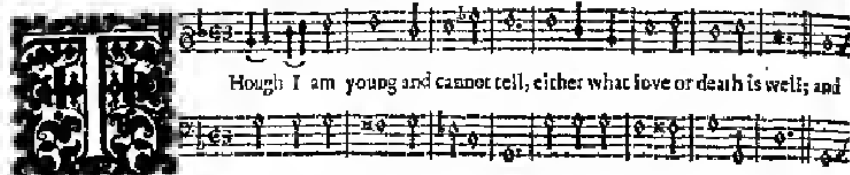
too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

A *

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

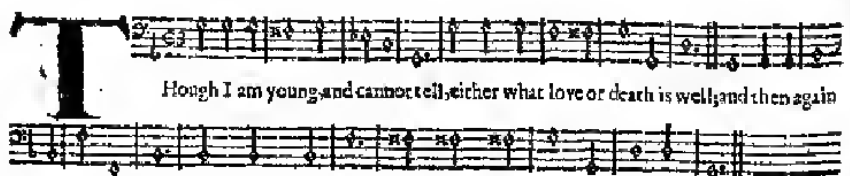


Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aime at humane hearts;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

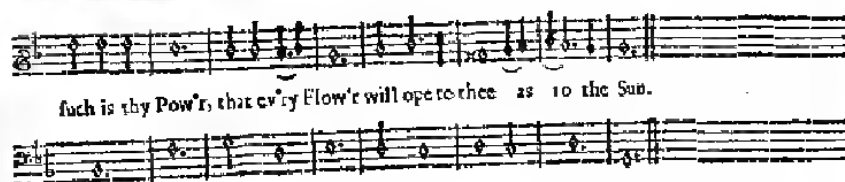
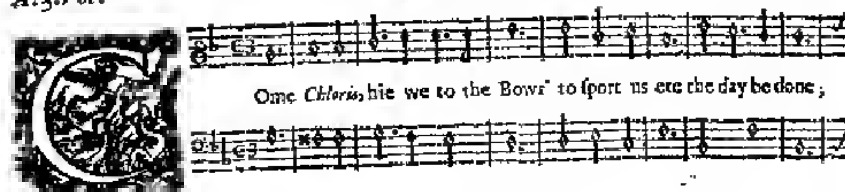


I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold,

A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



II.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blais, or mine Eyes rain,
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,
And with thy breath make't sweet again.

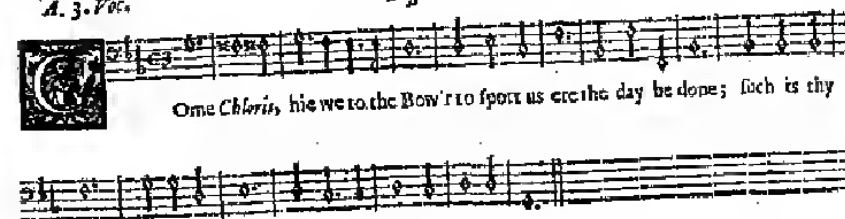
III.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will open to thee as to the Sun,

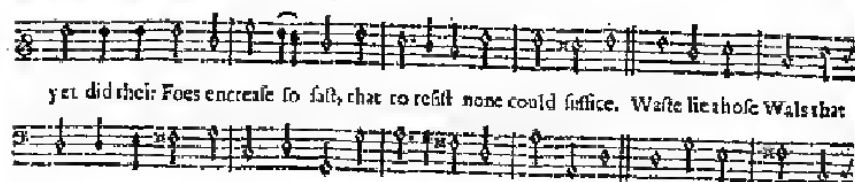
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

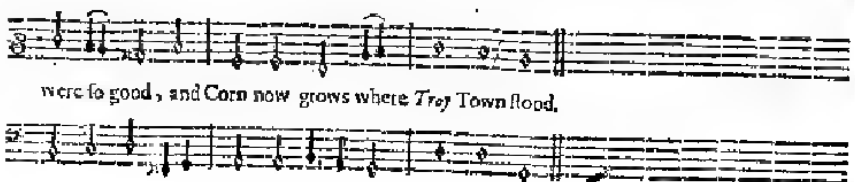
Dr. John Wilson.



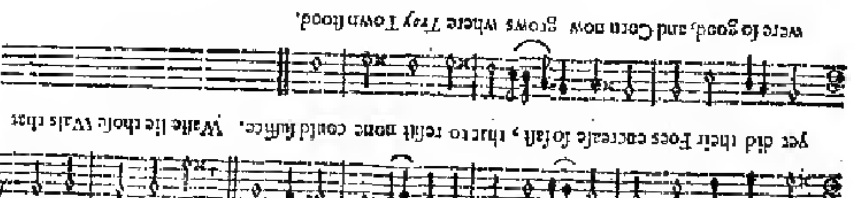
Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withlood the *Greeks* in manful wife,



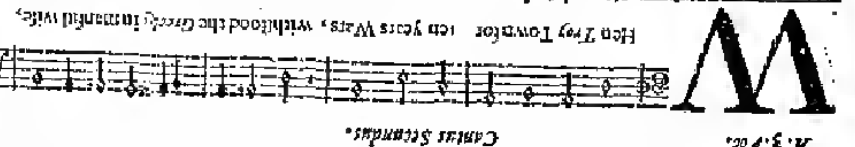
yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* flood,



were so good, and Corn now grows where *Troy Town* flood,



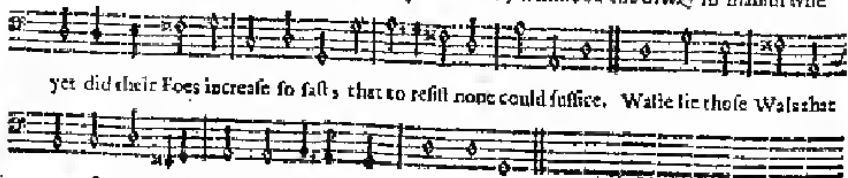
Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars, withlood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

A. 3. Voc.

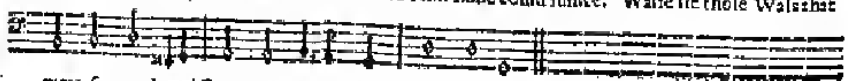
Bass.



Hen *Troy Town* for ten years Wars, withlood the *Greeks* in manful wife



yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



were so good, and Corn now grow where *Troy Town* flood,

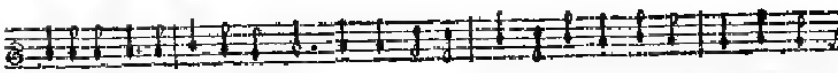
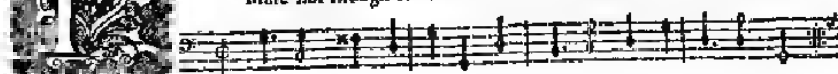
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

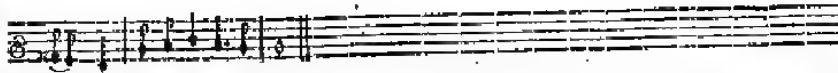
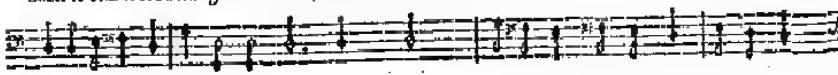
Dr. John Wilson.



From the fair *Lavini-an* Shore, I your Markers come to store.
Mute not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d'ye lack, what d'ye

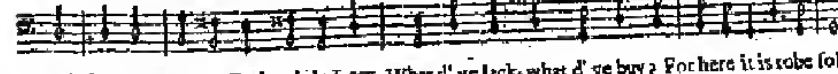
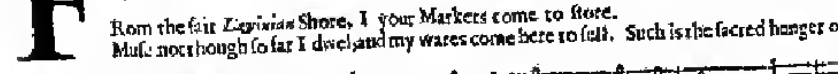
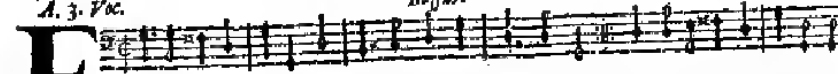
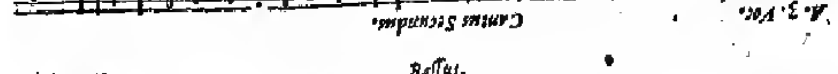
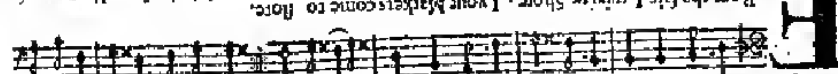
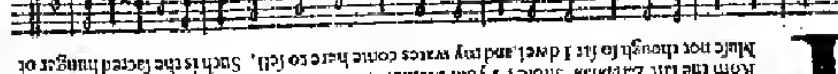
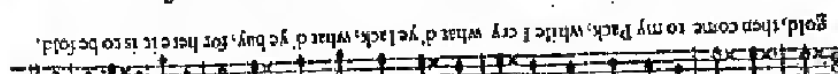


buy, for here it is to be sold.



I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;
And what else thou would'st request,
Even the Thing thou likest best.
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then come to me Lad
Thou shalt have what thy Dad
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

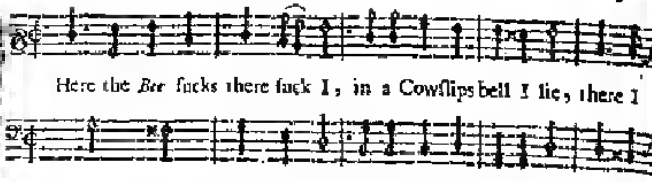
Maddam, come see what you lack,
Here's Complexions in my Pack;
White and Red you may have in this place,
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,
Then thou shalt seem
Like a Wench of Fifteen,
Although thou be threescore Years old.



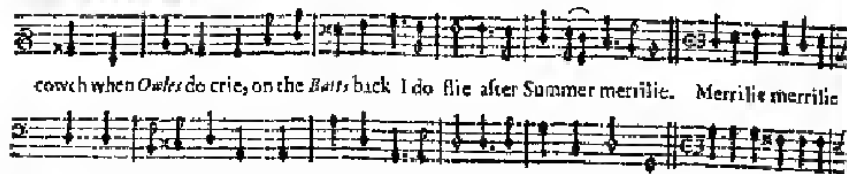
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

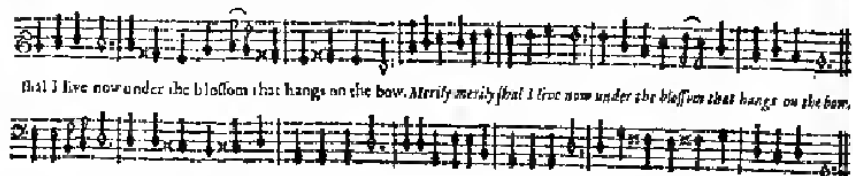
Dr. John Wilson.



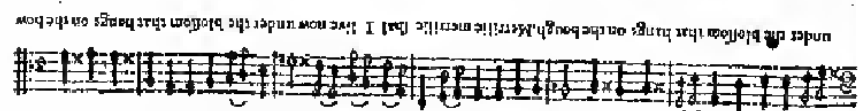
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



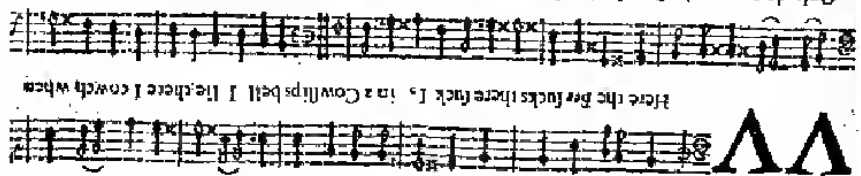
cowch when Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie



that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now



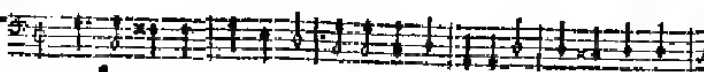
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when

Cantus Secundus.

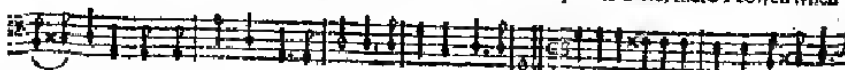
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

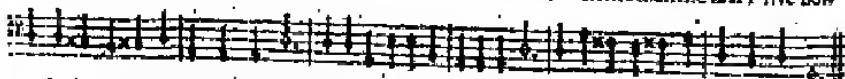
Bassus.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Owles do cry, on the Batts back I do lie after Summer merillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

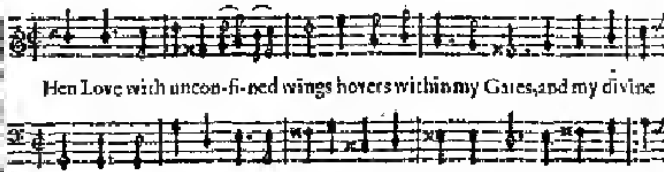


under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

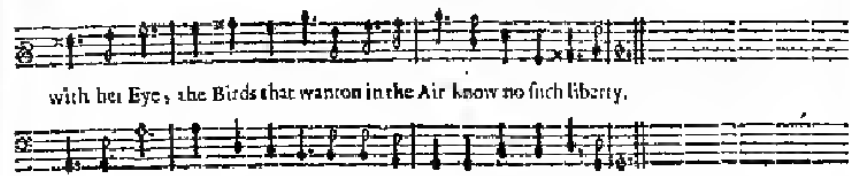
Dr. John Wilson.



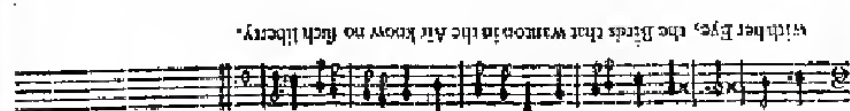
Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



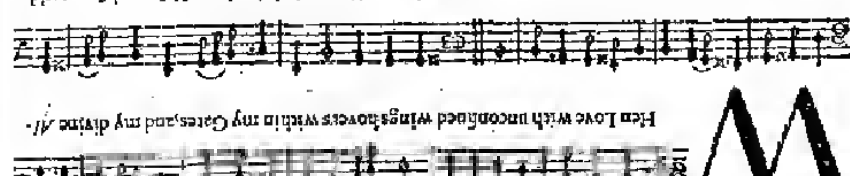
Alhea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



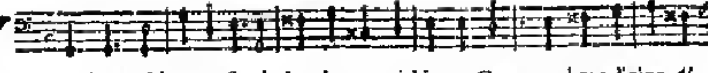
Alhea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd

Cantus Secundus.

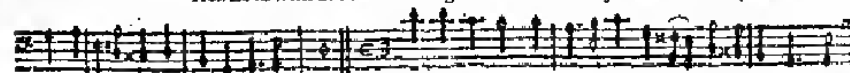
A. 3. Voc.

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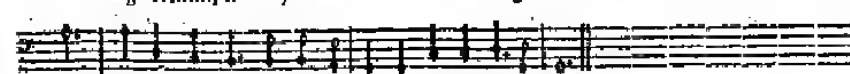
Bassus.



Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine Al-



Alhea brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her



Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

and it is the same, in every way with
in character, who also will, "I'll be there."

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslipbell I lie, there I

couch when *Oates* do crie, on the *Bats* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

(a) I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow, ~~stirring merrily that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.~~

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Quies do cry, on the balls back I do fly after Summer merrie. Merrie merrie that I live now

Here the *be* backs there back I, in 2 Cowbirds be! I just here I come when



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A. J. B.

A. S. Pac.

Ваше.



He: c the 6ee fuck there fuck I, in a Cowflips belt I lie, there I couch when

Own do cry, on the Fan, back I do lie after Summer merrillie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrily merrily fast I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

Althea brings to whisper at my Grate, When I lie rangled in her Hair, and fetter'd

with her Eye, the Birds that wanson in the Air know no such liberty.

with her eye, the birds that wanton in the air know no such liberty.

brings to whisper at my Graces. When I lie ranged in her Halls, and her-

Then Love with unnumbered wings hovered within my Gates, and my dream of



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A. 3. POC.

Besten.



Heaven Love with unconfined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine At-

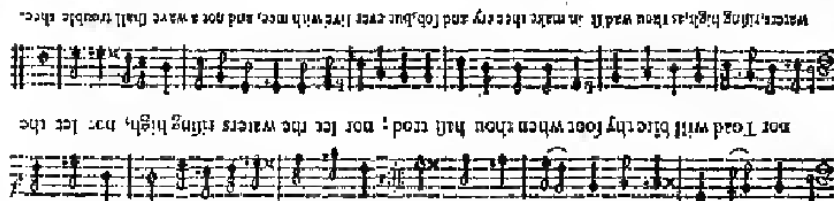
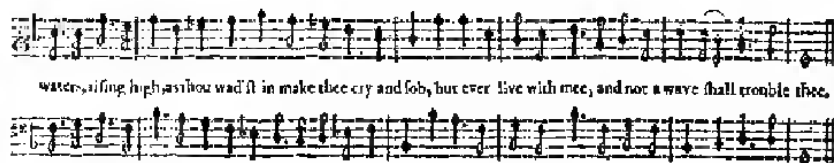
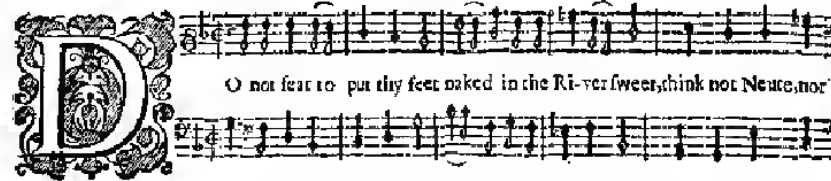
She brings no whipper at my Grates. When I lie tangled in her Hair, and fetter'd with her

Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

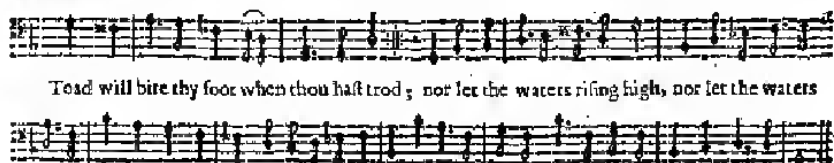
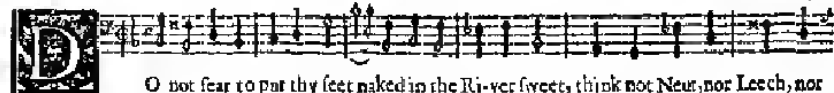
Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



A. 3. Voc.

Bass.

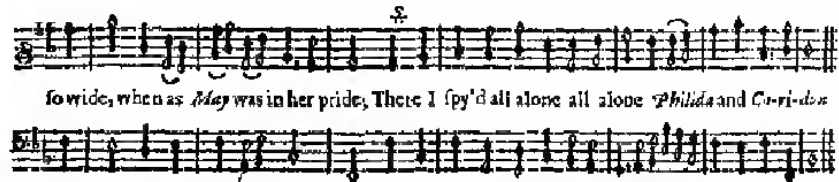
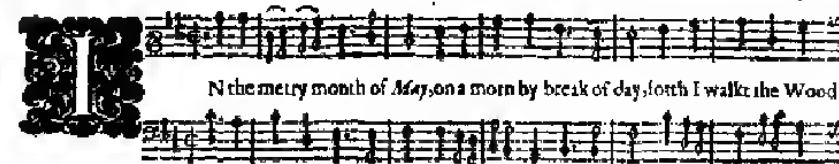


rising high, as thou wast it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

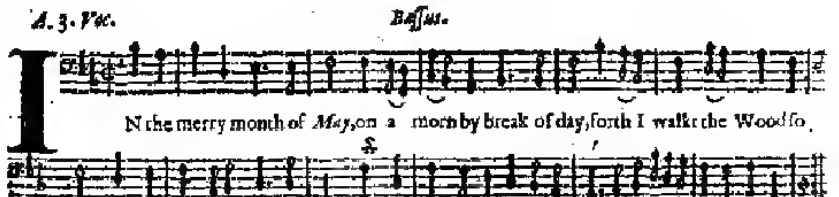
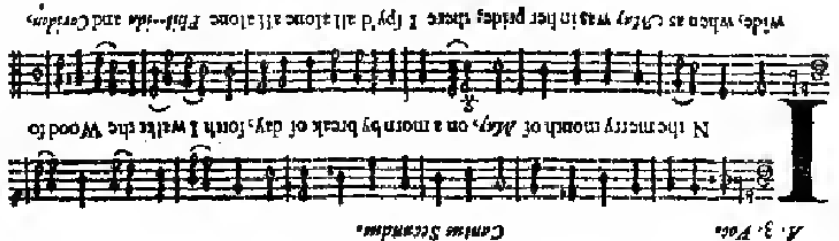


Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you;
He said, he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kist her then,
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ner was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlandsgay
Was Crowned the Lady May.



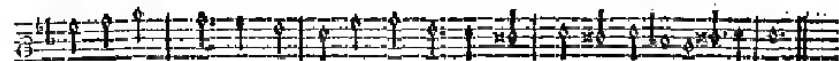
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

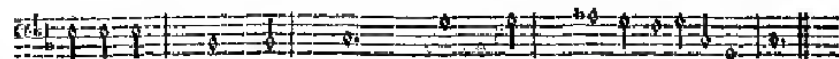
Mr. William Lawes.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air;



Fresher than Flow'rs in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It pierc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once feel the same!

Let not such Fortune my Love beside;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpitied like a slave;
How can love such usage abide?

A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coyneis controule,
And make thy love as fire
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to condole.

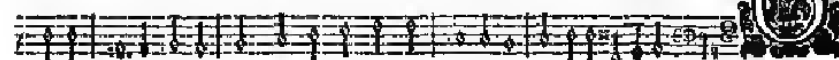
Sympathize with me a while in grief,
This passion quickly will find out relief;
Cupid will from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never feare,
When like to me you burs;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

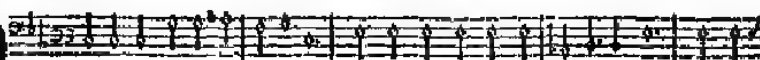


Cantus Secundus.

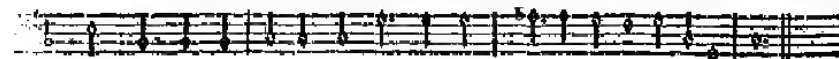
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

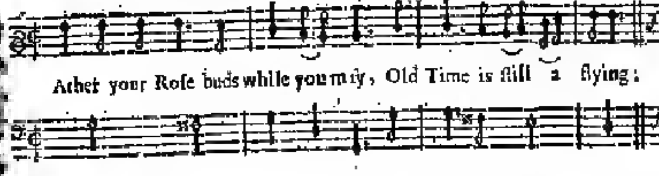


than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

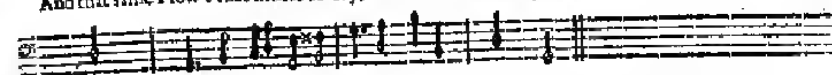
Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying;



And that time Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

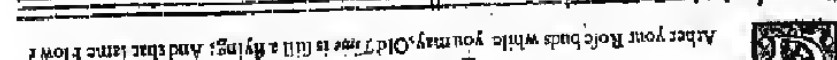
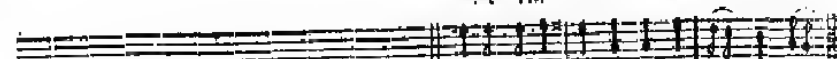


The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run;
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may go marry;
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry:

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



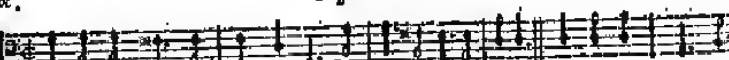
Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that time Flow'r

Cantus Secundus.

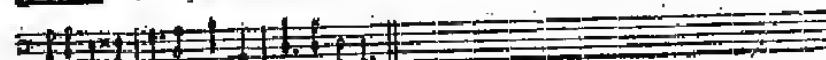
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying; And the time Flow'r that



smiles to day to morrow will be dying.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,

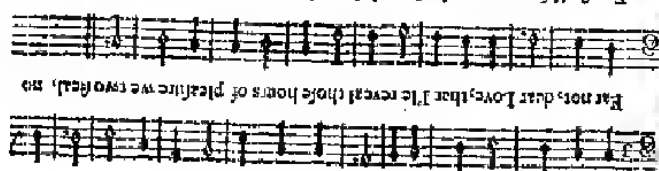
no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we
As silent as the night will be,
The God of Love himself, (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,
What sweets in holn embraces dwell;
This onely means may find it out,
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view
Of all their judgments which was true;
Rip up my heart, O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we countryers learn at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.

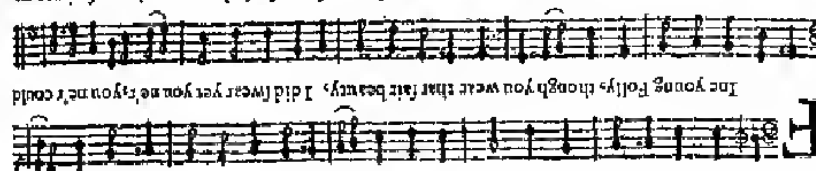
When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cresset mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud,
For insooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfume the Air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrupulous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this consent,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soul, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame
You I vow, I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

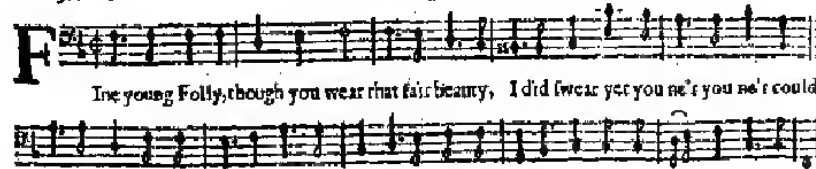
reach my heart, for we countryers learn at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



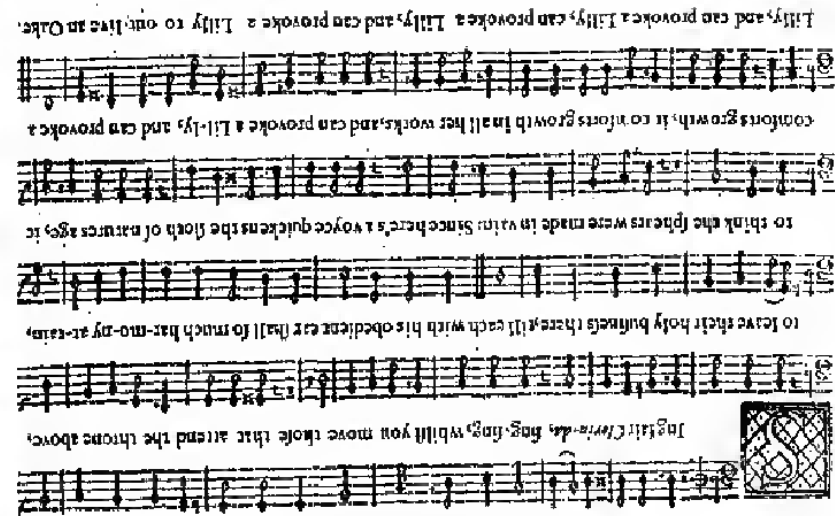
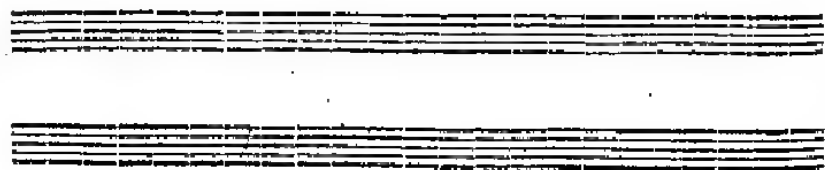
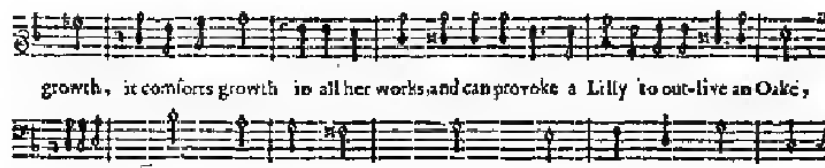
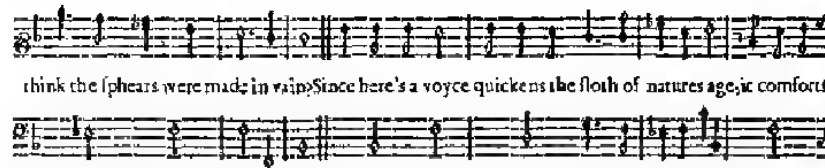
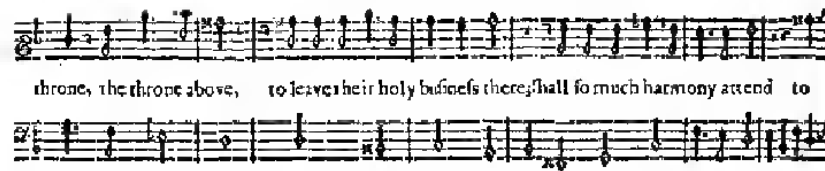
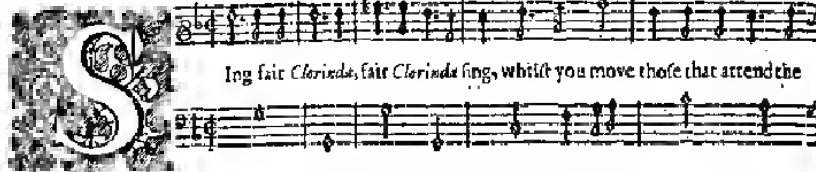
The young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

reach my heart, for we countryers learn at school only with your sex to fool, it's not worth our serious part.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

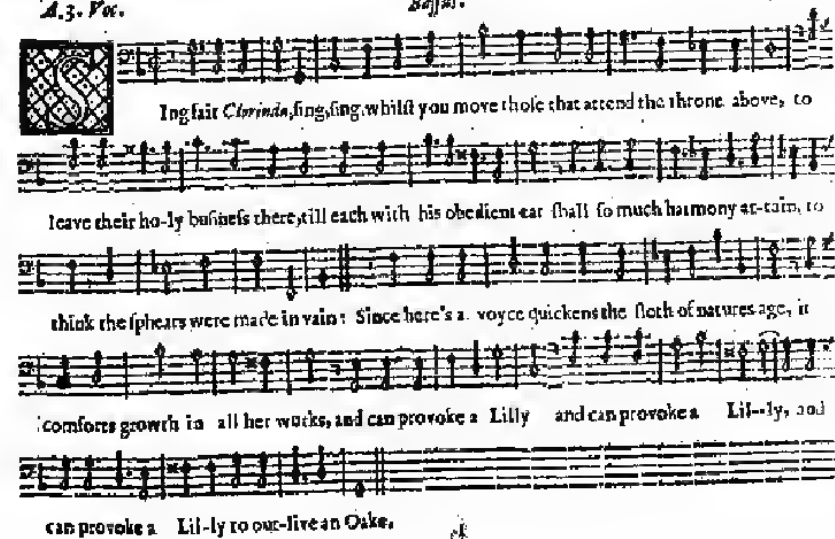


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

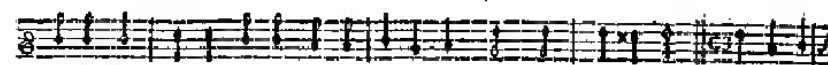
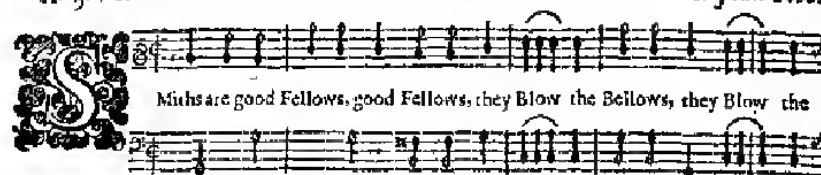
Bass.



A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

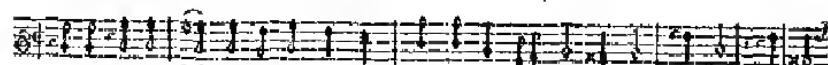
Mr. John Cobb.



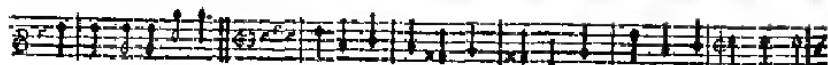
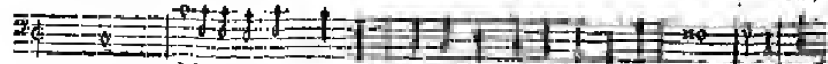
Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though their gains be small, Thy pot and



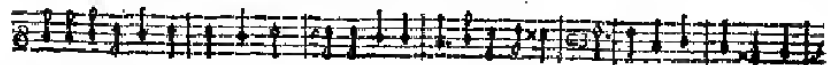
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.



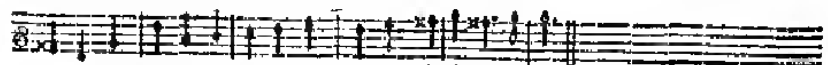
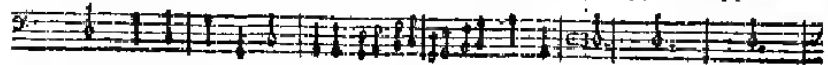
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,



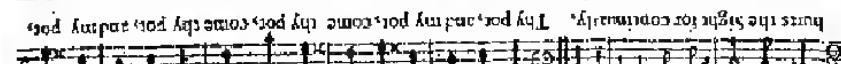
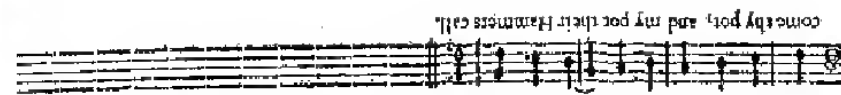
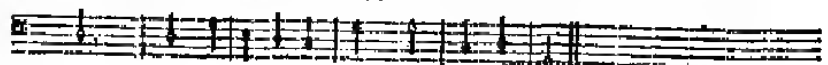
stand fast with a Winton: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure



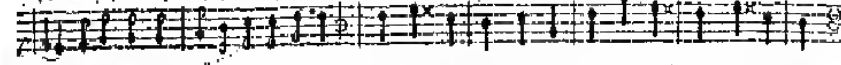
'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come



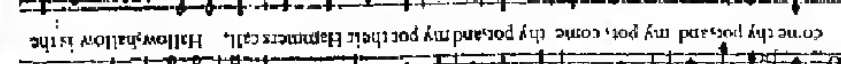
thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.



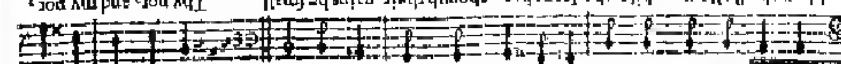
hurts the sight for continually, Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot, sure



and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



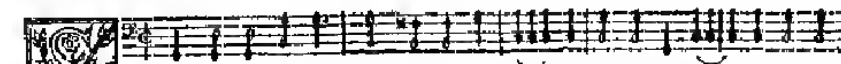
white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton, Thy pot,



come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the



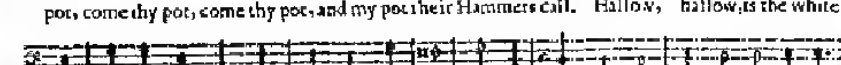
blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my pot,



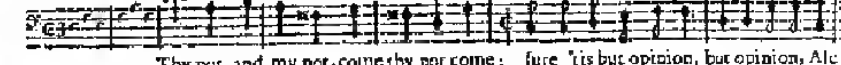
Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they



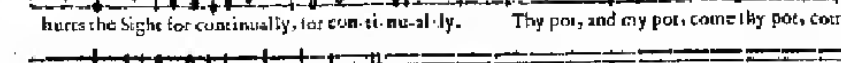
blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my



pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

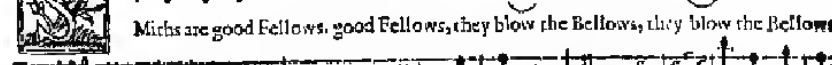
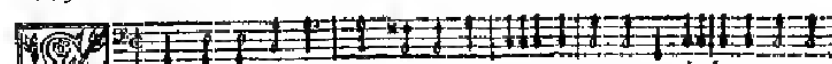


hurts the sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

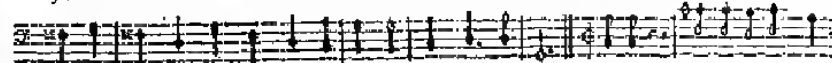
my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. E c

A. 3. Voc.

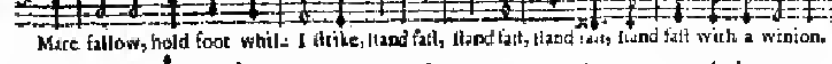
Bassus.



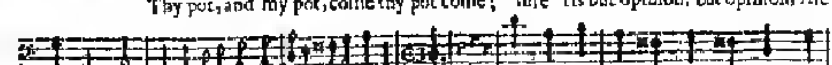
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small, Thy pot, and my



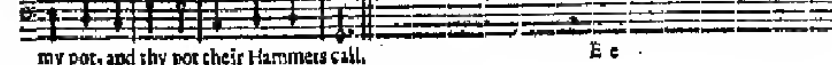
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winton,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale

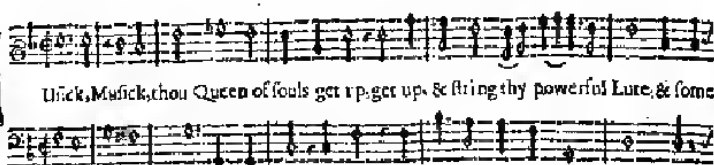


hurts the sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come

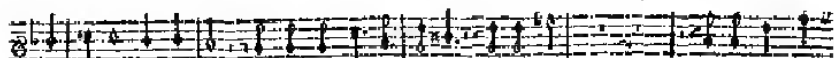
my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. E c

A. 3. Voc.

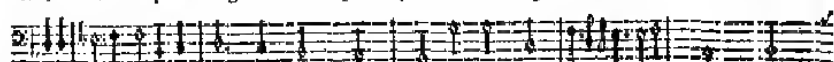
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



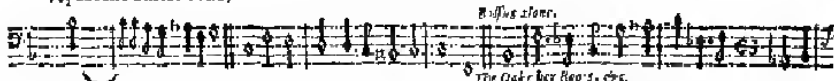
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a groan, and the dull Rocks

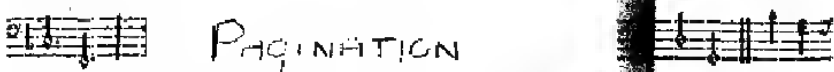


repeat the daller tone,

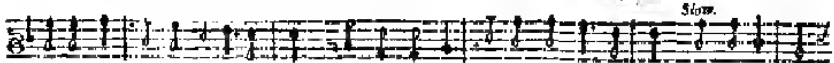


Mir

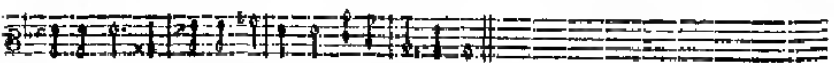
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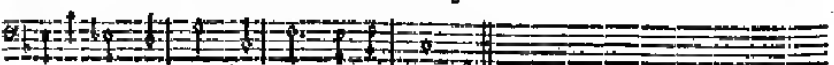
PAGINATION



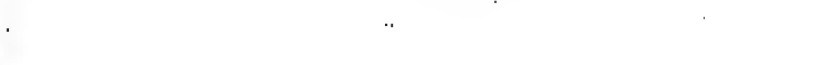
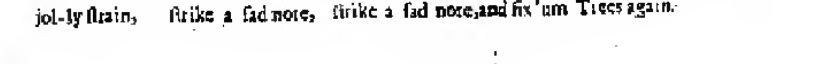
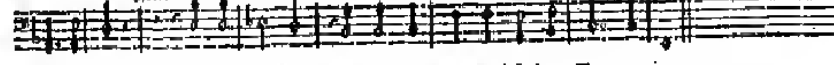
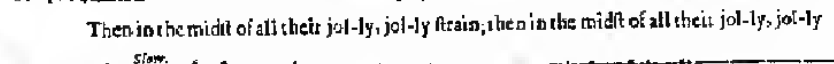
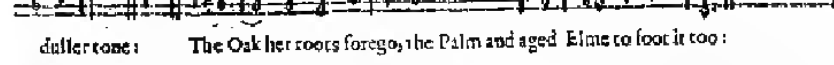
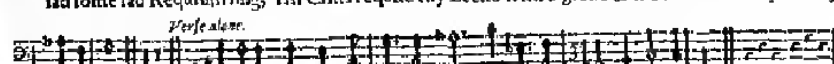
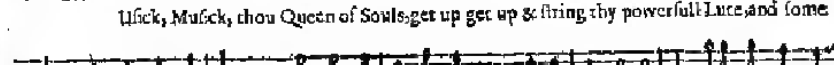
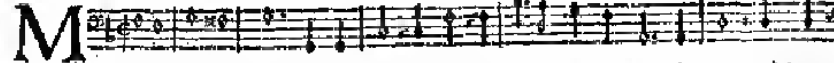
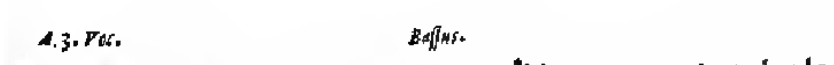
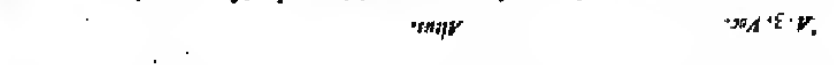
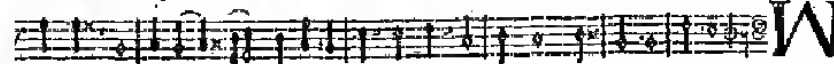
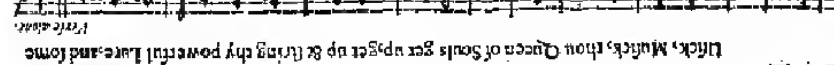
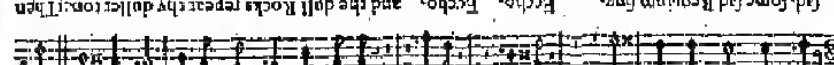
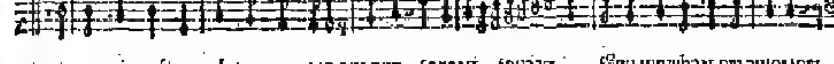
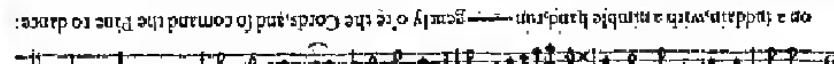
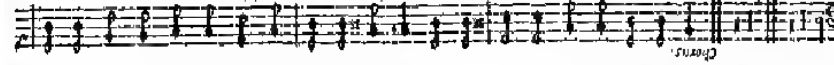
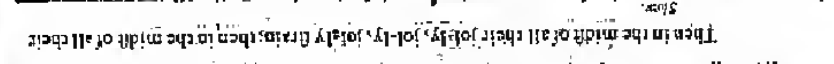
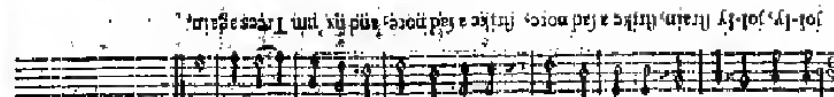
in the midst of all their jolly strain, then in the midst of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



Strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



A. 3. Voc.

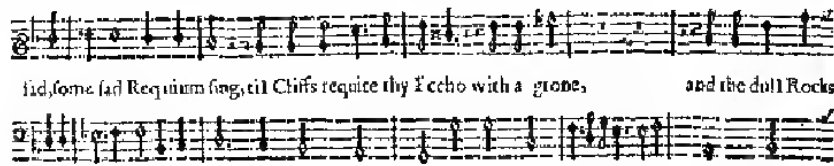


A. 3. Voc.

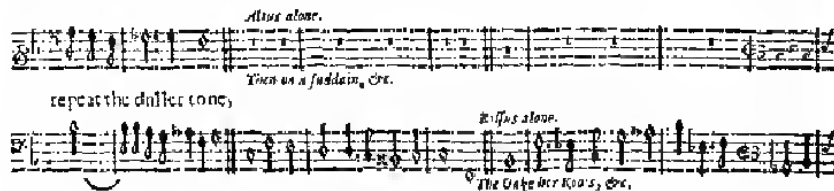
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar.



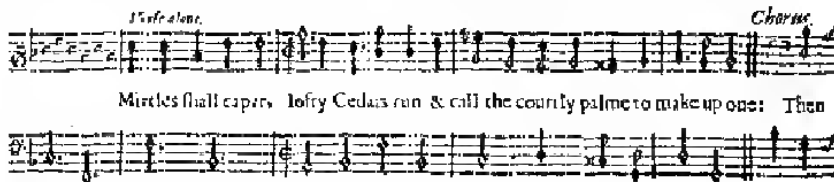
Lick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



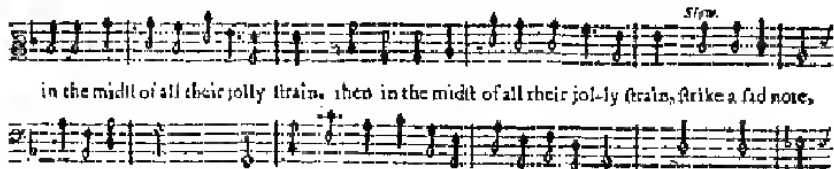
sad, some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a groane, and the dull Rocks



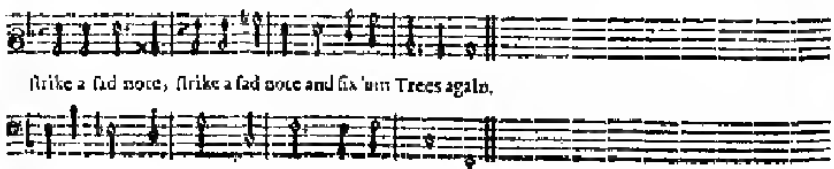
repeats the duller tone,



Mirtles shall caper, Jolly Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



in the midlt of all their jolly strain, then in the midlt of all their jol-ly strain, Strike a sad note,

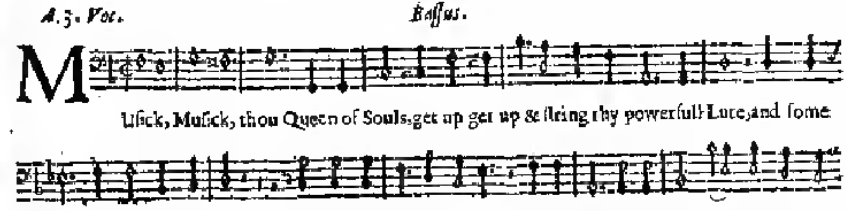
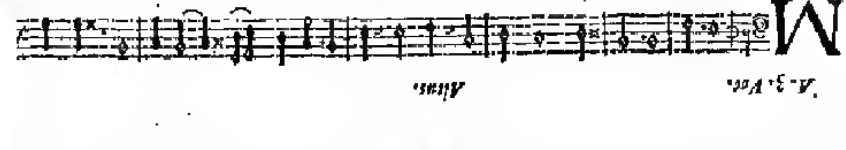


Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again,

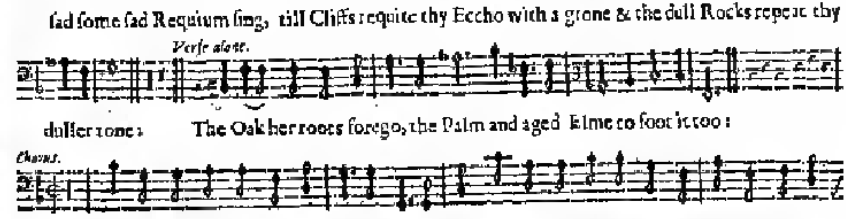
A. 3. Voc.



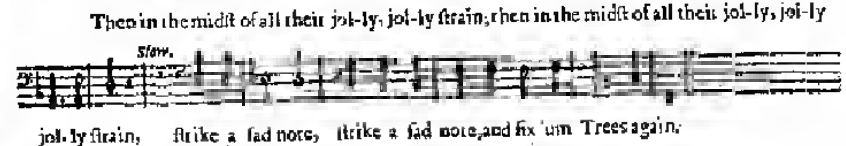
Lick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



Lick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



sad some sad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Echo with a groane & the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elm to foot it too:

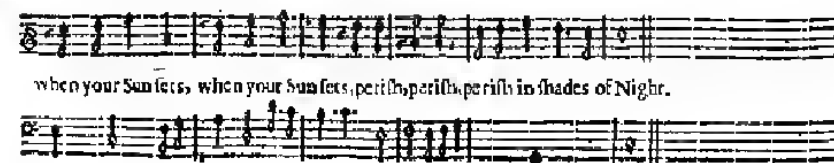
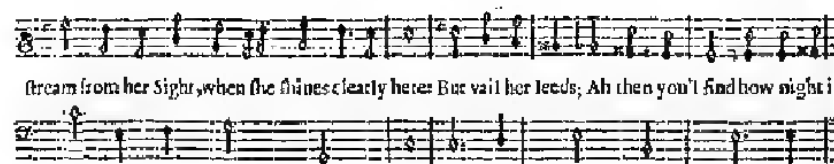
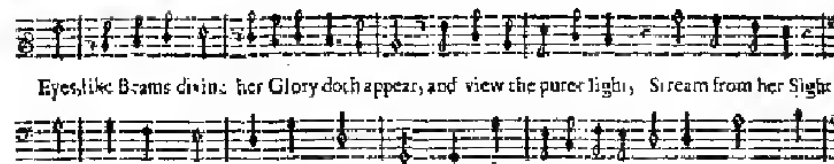
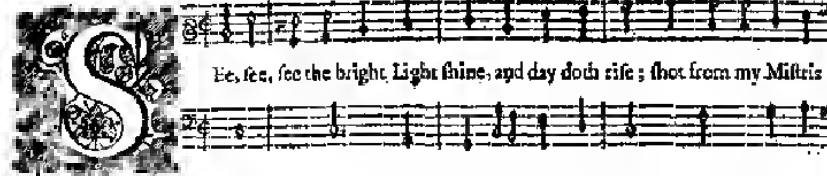
Then in the midlt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midlt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

jol-ly strain, Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again,

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

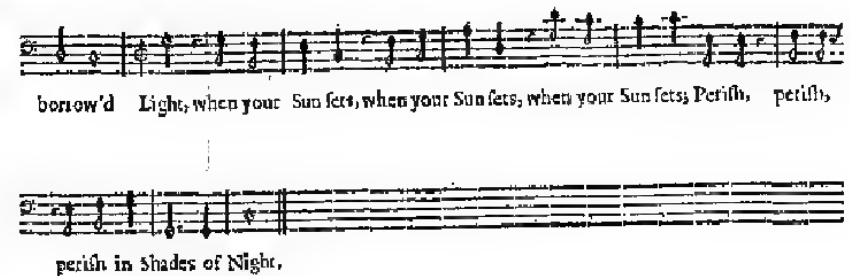
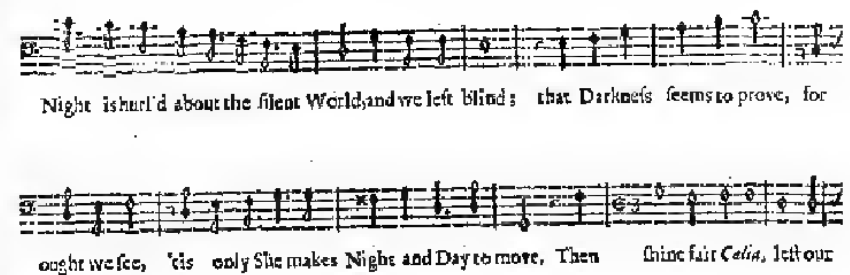
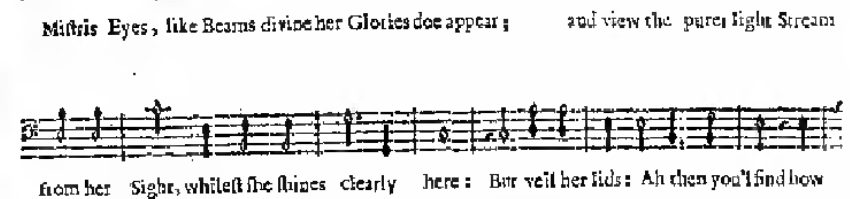
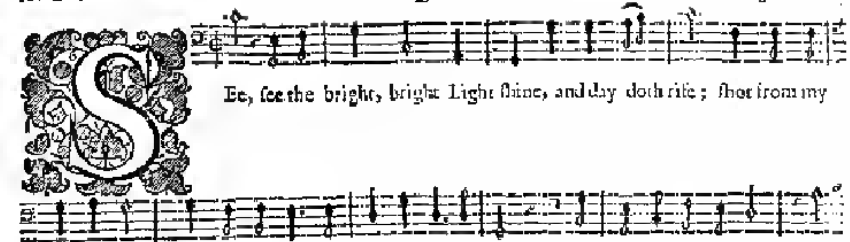
Mr. Jenkins.



A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

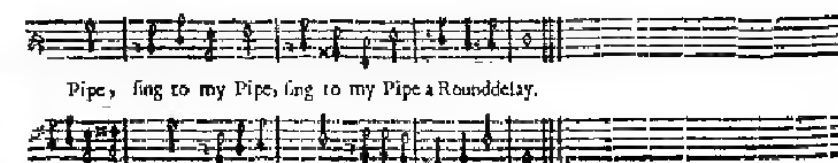
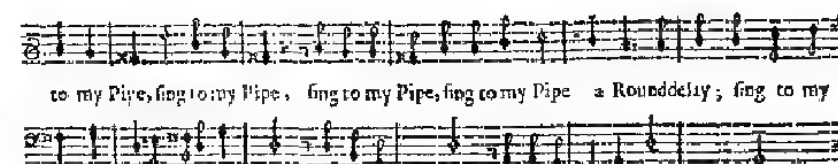
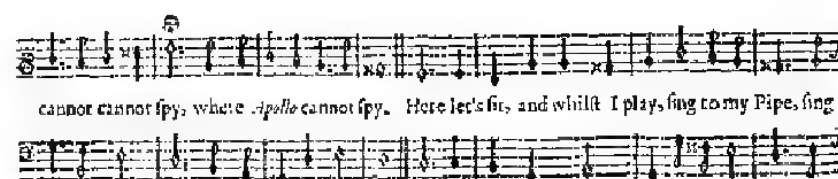
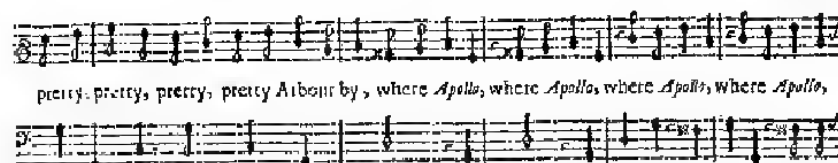
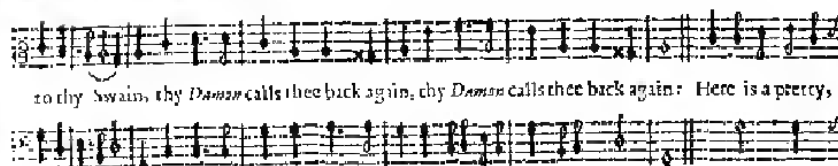
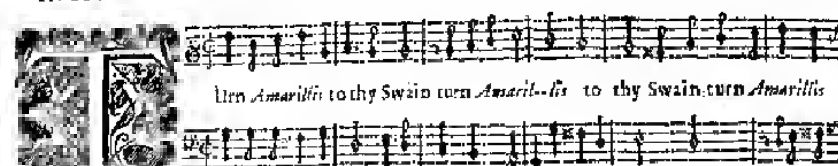
Mr. Jenkins.



A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

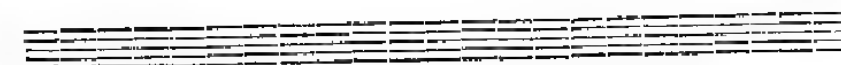
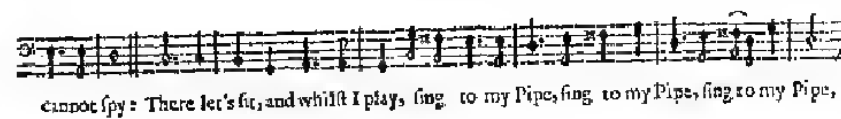
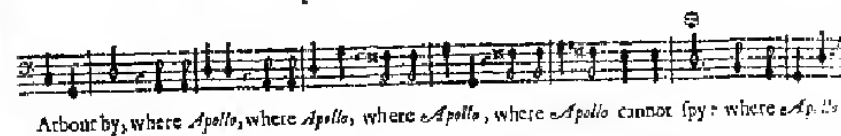
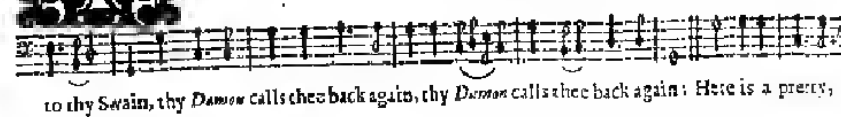
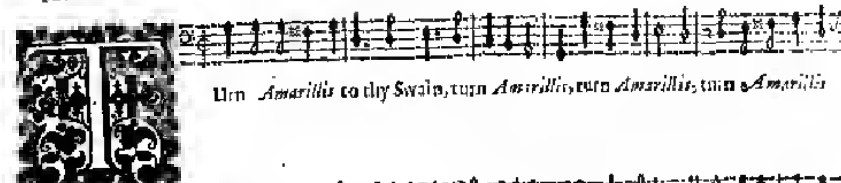
Mr. Tho. Brewer.



A. 2. Voc.

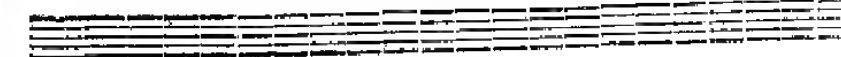
Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.



Reader.

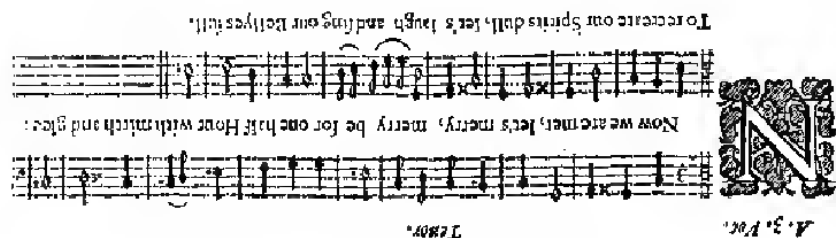
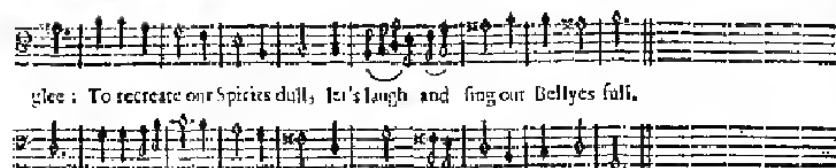
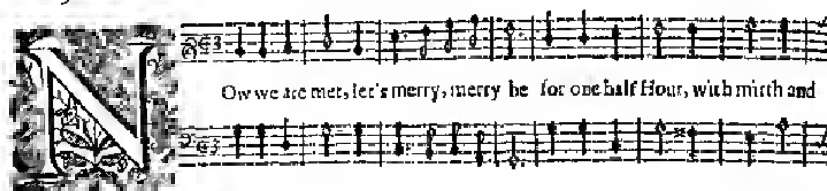
little than half this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in
these two inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.



A. 3. Voc.

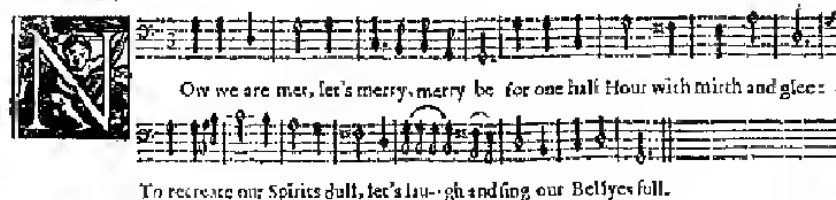
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



In praise of Music.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick*! that speak'st Sense
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as much beloved, as thou art abus'd;
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

W. D. Knight.

By the Author.

SELECT
AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES
To Sing to the
THEORBO-LUTE
OR
BASSE-VIOL.

COMPOSED
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in His Publick and Private MUSICK:
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



LONDON,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.